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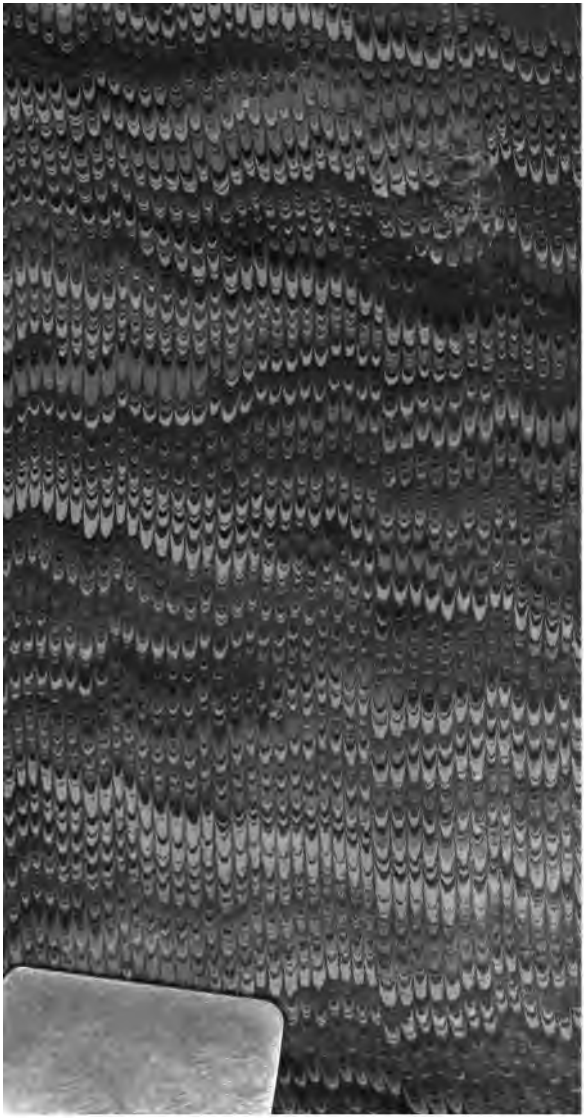

The Revd JOHN WESLEY A.M.

MEMOIRS

OF THE LATE

REV. JOHN WESLEY, A. M.

WITH A REVIEW OF HIS

LIFE AND WRITINGS,

AND A

HISTORY OF METHODISM,

From it's Commencement in 1729, to the preſent time.

BY JOHN HAMPSON, A. B.

ὁ δὲ ἀνεξέτασος βιος, ου βιωτὸς ἀνθρώπῳ. PLATO.

VOL. I.

SUNDERLAND:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

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PREFACE.

THE ſubjects of which they treat, the characters of the principal agents, and the juſt claims of the public to be made acquainted with the actions and opinions of remarkable perſons, are ſufficient authorities for the appearance of theſe memoirs.

For ſome reaſons, of which it is not neceſſary to inform our readers, as well as others, which it may be proper to mention, the author had long determined, at a fit opportunity, to write the life of Mr Weſley. It was more than probable, ſuch a life would not be overlooked. Some one would be certain to undertake

it: and conſidering the colour of his moſt intimate connections, and the unlimited deference, with which, in this circle, it has been the faſhion to regard him, a danger was apprehended, leſt the public ſhould be misinformed, either by the ſuppreſſion of ſome important facts, or by a partial and inaccurate relation.

This apprehenſion was a powerful incentive to the preſent work; and occaſioned an adventure not wholly deſtitute of difficulty or of danger. There muſt neceſſarily be a degree of difficulty in the delineation of characters replete with light and ſhade; diſtinguiſhed by great virtues, and ſullied by ſtrange peculiarities: and there is always ſome danger, that is, ſome *critical* danger in the diſcuſſion of topics,

in which ſo many, from different principles, are intereſted.

To paint ſuch portraits to the life, and yet generally to pleaſe, were too arduous a taſk. But nothing can be an excuſe for miſrepreſentation. All that can, or ought to be done in ſuch a caſe, is to draw a likeneſs, not flatteringly diſguſting, nor exaggerated to deformity, but as nearly as poſſible, a juſt tranſcript of truth and nature. And this, with whatever ſucceſs, is attempted in the following ſheets.

It could anſwer no valuable purpoſe, to inform the public of the tedious labours of hunting for information through a variety of publications, in which a continual ſameneſs of incidents, and conſequently of ſentiment and expreſ-

ſion, and the neceſſity of tracing dates, thinly ſcattered through a multitude of pages, conſiderably increaſed the difficulty. It is of more importance to acquaint them, that the authorities referred to in the narrative, are Mr Weſley's writings in general, particularly the ſermons, the journals, and his controverſial pieces: and laſt, though not leaſt, is a correſpondence between the family of the Weſleys and others, from 1724 to 1739, which had lain neglected for many years, and was communicated by a grandchild of Mr Samuel Weſley to Mr Badcock, by him to a literary friend, and by this gentleman to a near relation of the Author; who begs leave to add, that all this had been inſufficient for his purpoſe, had he not long cultivated

an acquaintance with the writings and principles of Mr Weſley and his aſſociates. He alſo acknowledges his obligations for much information concerning the elder branches of the family, to the ſprightly and entertaining remarks of a gentleman already mentioned, which were publiſhed ſome years ago in Maty's Review, and the Weſtminſter Magazine.

The only circumſtance which ſeems to demand an apology, is the publication of theſe memoirs during Mr Weſley's life. Was he a mere private gentleman, whatever might be his diſtinction in the republic of letters, ſuch an apology might be neceſſary. But his caſe is peculiar. He has been for more than half a century, in the moſt ex-

ſenſive import of the word, a public character. It is impoſſible to make him more ſo, than he has rendered himſelf.

There is yet another conſideration. In the following pages, ſome of his ſingularities are diſcuſſed with a degree of freedom, but it is hoped alſo, with impartiality and candour. It may be queſtioned, whether there ever was a man of ſenſe, even in his own connexion, who thought him incapable of miſconduct or of error. If there be ſuch, no one is obliged to follow his example. The Author of theſe memoirs certainly does not. He never was inſenſible to the virtues of Mr Weſley; nor is he ignorant of his foibles. And ſince years have not blunted his faculties *;

* face to ſermons publiſhed in 1788.

Since the hand of time, in ſcattering his hoary honours upon his head, has in no reſpect impaired his underſtanding, theſe pages are ſubmitted, with the greater confidence to his cenſure and the public inſpection. Should they contain errors, if he will point them out, they ſhall be reſcinded. Should there be any circumſtance, in which his character is miſrepreſented, or the truth in any reſpect violated, it certainly has been occaſioned, not by prejudice or malevolence, but involuntary miſapprehenſion, which in ſome inſtances is but too much the portion of human nature. Whenever any thing of this kind ſhall be detected, an explicit acknowlcdgment and recantation ſhall be made. By this means, every miſtake of any conſe-

quence will be rectified; the public will be in poſſeſſion of more correct information; and a preciſe view of his genius and tranſactions will be preſented to poſterity.

Such are the motives which gave riſe to this publication. Of the validity of the one, and the execution of the other, the public will decide: and to that deciſion it is chearfully ſubmitted. A perſon, who with his uſual *modeſty*, chuſes to ſtile himſelf a *friend* of Mr Weſley, is ſaid to have demanded, who "could have the audaciouſneſs to write a life of Mr Weſley while he was yet alive?" If he will look into the title-page, that will inform him.

From what has been ſaid, it will appear that theſe memoirs were intended for publication during Mr

Weſley's life. Since the former part of this preface was written, he is no more. But we ſee no reaſon to withold them. Eminent characters ought to be delineated and examined: and we know nothing more uſeful or more important to mankind, than a faithful repreſentation of the foibles and excellencies of public perſons.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

CHAP. I. *Miſcellaneous Articles relative to the Family,* page 1

——— II. *Of Samuel Weſley the Younger,* 41

——— III. *Of Charles Weſley, A. M.* 55

——— IV. *Of John Weſley, A. M.* 66

——— V. *Origin of Methodiſm,* 98

——— VI. *Miſſion to America,* 163

——— VII. *Arrival in England: Converſion and Journey to Hernhuth and Marienburn,* 198

MEMOIRS

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY, A. M.

CHAP. I.

Miſcellaneous Articles relative to the Family.

THE ardour for biographical information was perhaps never ſo great as in the preſent age. In ſuch a period no apology can be deemed neceſſary, for attempting the hiſtory of a man, ſo eminent and diſtinguiſhed as the ſubject of theſe memoirs. The ſingular manner in which he was firſt introduced to the notice of the public; the peculiarity of his character; and the authority he ſo

long maintained over a numerous and rapidly-increaſing ſect, muſt render an accurate review of ſuch a life a valuable acquiſition.

The author of theſe memoirs is afraid to flatter either his readers or himſelf with promiſes of abſolute impartiality. He wiſhes indeed to arrive at this diſtinction, and is determined to attempt it: but ſuch is the force of particular prepoſſeſſions, and ſo few writers of hiſtory or biography have ſucceeded in this moſt eſſential circumſtance, that he trembles for himſelf, and is checked by a juſt anxiety, leſt he ſhould fall into a too general error, and become ſubject to the common condemnation.

The character of this gentleman is ſo eccentric, and ſo peculiarly has he been diſtinguiſhed, by his ſituation, from the reſt of mankind, that it is impoſſible ei-

ther to ſpeak or to think of him, within the uſual limits of moderation. As none ever judged of Luther or Calvin, or any head of a party, as they would of more private characters; ſo it muſt be with Mr Weſley. His friends and admirers will doubtleſs conſider him as an apoſtle, and rank him with the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſons of the primitive times; while his enemies, who probably conſtitute the more numerous body, will not fail to regard him as a hypocrite, or an enthuſiaſt. Some will perhaps go yet farther; and, by a ſtrange combination, unite theſe characters together.

The family, from which he is deſcended, will be better known to poſterity, from his own character, and from the ſect, of which he is the founder, than from the genius and abilities of his anceſtors. His grandfather, John Weſley,

was a miniſter among the Non-conformiſts; and in the reign of Charles II. became involved in the calamities of the times, and was ejected, by the act of uniformity, from a living, which he held, near Blandford in Dorſetſhire. At the age of twenty-five, he officiated as a preacher, without ordination, having only an appointment to his office by a particular congregation; and it is moſt probable, that he never was ordained to a cure of ſouls. A curious dialogue, on this ſubject, between this gentleman and the then Biſhop of Briſtol, is preſerved by Calamy, and is alſo inſerted by Mr Weſley, in one of his Journals. It evinces conſiderable piety on his part, with no ſmall degree of ſhrewdneſs; while the Biſhop's candour and moderation certainly do him the higheſt honour.

The ſon of this Mr Weſley was called

Samuel. While his father lived, he was probably educated in the principles of non-conformity, and ſpent ſome time at one of their academies; but his father dying when he was very young, and not having had time to imbibe the ſentiments of the party, he entered himſelf at Exeter College, Oxford, where he was admitted to his degrees in the uſual courſe, and taking holy orders, was firſt preſented to the living of Epworth, and afterwards to that of Wroote, in Lincolnſhire.

Mr Samuel Weſley married the youngeſt daughter of Dr Samuel Anneſley, who was a celebrated Non-conformiſt, and firſt couſin to the Earl of Angleſey. Dr Anneſley was an excellent man, and in great eſteem among his brethren; and was ejected from the living of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, in 1662.

Mr Weſley, during his reſidence at

Oxford, imbibed the ſtrongeſt prejudicies againſt Diſſenters of every deſcription; repeatedly laſhed them from the pulpit and the preſs; and exerted every effort of ridicule and argument, to render them contemptible. His zeal exceeded his liberality: but in thoſe days every thing was carried to an unwarrantable exceſs; and it is certain that, in the decline of life, he abated much of this warm and intolerant ſpirit, and piouſly applied himſelf to the duties of his profeſſion.

The principles of non-conformity have been generally conſidered, by the members of the eſtabliſhment, as unfavourable to monarchy. Many of the diſſenters of thoſe days were decidedly ſo; and this diſpoſition, which had been long cultivated, by the political pamphlets, during the civil wars, and under the protectorate, was ſtill cheriſhed in private, by meet-

ings, in which politics were united with conviviality; and the enthuſiaſm of the moment frequently hurried the company into the utmoſt rage of indecency and extravagance. One of theſe was the Calve's Head Club. The name is ſufficiently expreſſive of the intention of the meeting; while the toaſts, which they drank, and the converſation, that took place on ſuch occaſions, were republican and daring in the higheſt degree. One of their ſongs, which was compoſed for the 30th of January, may be cited as a ſpecimen, and perhaps not the worſt that might be produced, both of the wit and the ſpirit of the party.

'THE AXE IS LAID TO THE ROOT, &c.'

" 'Twas an action great and daring,
Nature ſmil'd at what they did;
When our fathers, nothing fearing,
Made the haughty tyrant bleed.

Prieſts and we, this day obſerving,
Only differ in one thing;
They are canting, whining, ſtarving;
We, in raptures, drink and ſing.

Advance the emblem* of the action,
Fill the calf-ſkin full of wine;
Drinking ne'er was counted faction;
Men and gods adore the vine."

Theſe "helliſh rhymes," as they have been juſtly called, breathe a ſpirit equally ſavage and vindictive. Whatever were the faults of Charles, they were more than compenſated by his misfortunes. Educated, as he ſaid to his parliament, at the feet of Gamaliel, it is no wonder that he fell into ſo abſurd a conduct, or that ſuch a conduct ſhould produce ſo fatal a cataſtrophe. James, with much pedantry and affectation of learning, had a narrow and contracted mind, and was, in truth, neither a man nor a monarch. He uni-

* The axe.

ted the utmoſt contempt for the people with the higheſt poſſible idea of the divine right and prerogative of kings: ſo that his own want of reſolution, and the ſpirit of the times, could alone prevent him from becoming a moſt furious tyrant. Under ſuch a preceptor, his ſon imbibed thoſe principles, which, if carried to their extent, muſt have overturned the conſtitution, and at laſt brought him to the block. But the inſults offered to fallen majeſty were unworthy a great and enlightened people. They were juſtly abhorred by the majority of the nation, and Mr Weſley's oppoſition to ſuch proceedings, reflects no diſhonour upon his memory.

It is remarkable, that this gentleman, in an early edition of the Dunciad, was involved in the ſame cenſure with Dr Watts; the former, a rigid churchman,

and the latter, the firſt name among the diſſenters. But the injury was ſoon re-repaired, by a handſome and juſt compliment from the poet; for Mr Weſley and Dr Watts were, at leaſt, as excellent characters as any in the kingdom.

The paſſage, here alluded to, is in the deſcription of the library of the goddeſs, in the firſt book:

" Here all his ſuff'ring brotherhood retire,
" And 'ſcape the martyrdom of jakes and fire;
" A Gothic library—of Greece and Rome
" Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks and Broome."

Theſe names are inſerted inſtead of Weſley and Watts; and it is not improbable, that this alteration may be aſcribed, among other reaſons, to the friendſhip of the poet for the younger Mr Samuel Weſley, and to a mild, but ſpirited remonſtrance of Dr Watts, who pointed

out to Pope the injuſtice of ſuch unmerited ſatire.

This amiable Doctor ſometimes ſuffered in his public, when he muſt have been beloved in his perſonal capacity; and ſeveral of the wits of that time, who would have ſpared the man, did not fail to laſh the diſſenter. In the Satires of Dr Young, there is a ſevere and moſt unjuſt reflection on his intimacy with Mrs Rowe:

" Iſaac, a brother of the canting ſtrain,
" When he has knock'd at his own ſkull in vain,
" To beauteous Marcia often will repair,
" With a dark text, to light it at the fair.
" O how his pious ſoul exults, to find
" Such love for holy men in woman kind!
" Pleas'd with her learning, with what rapture he
" Hangs on her bloom, like an induſtrious bee,
" Hums round about her, and with all his power,
" Extracts ſweet wiſdom from ſo fair a flower."

Thus it is, that even the beſt men, of different parties, tilt at one another. But

the ſatyriſt ſhould have recollected, that dullneſs had no part in Dr Watts; and that, though an amiable man might very properly cultivate the friendſhip of an accompliſhed woman, it is impoſſible that he ſhould learn divinity from Mrs Rowe, or from any woman in the world. This country has produced few characters ſuperior to Dr Watts.

Mr Weſley was a voluminous writer. He was the author of a Latin Comment on Job; a work of much erudition, and perhaps, for that reaſon, but little read. But it is ſurely more worthy of peruſal, than many publications, which the witlings of the day have extolled to the ſkies. He alſo wrote the Hiſtory of the Bible, and the Life of Chriſt, in verſe, with ſeveral ſmaller pieces. His larger poems were rather injurious, than advantageous to his reputation; and, in-

ſtead of increaſing his eſtimation with the public, expoſed him to the deriſion of the wits, and the cenſure of the critics. But none treated him with more ſeverity, than the author of the Diſpenſary, in the following lines:

" Had Weſley never aim'd in verſe to pleaſe,
" We had not rank'd him with our Ogilvies;
" Still cenſures will on dull pretenders fall,
" A Codrus ſhould expect a Juvenal."

Mr Weſley was by no means inſenſible of the force of the ſatire; and there is ſtill extant a copy of verſes, in which he has retaliated upon Garth, with great ſpirit, for the compliment he ſo modeſtly pays himſelf. Two lines have been cited, which are full in point:

" Who wonders, he ſhould Weſley Codrus call,
" Who dares ſurname himſelf a Juvenal?"

Garth ſeems indeed to have been upon excellent terms with himſelf, and does

not appear to have made the proper allowances, in Mr Weſley's caſe, for the difficulty of the undertaking. Of the many, who have written on extenſive ſubjects from ſcripture, ſcarcely any have ſucceeded. Mr Weſley certainly did not; and I know but one that did. His ſon Samuel, who was really a poet, while he takes notice of his father's piety, acknowledges that he failed. He periſhed in too great an attempt:

" He ſung how God, the Saviour, deign'd t'expire,
" With Vida's piety, tho' not his fire."

And it may be obſerved, without any reflection on the merit of Garth, that, had he written a life of Chriſt, he certainly had loſt the fame, which he acquired by his Diſpenſary. One may go ſtill farther: had he written equally well on each occaſion, he would not have been equally *ſucceſsful*, in the opinion of the critics. So

great is the difference in the ſubjects!

But, notwithſtanding his want of ſucceſs, in this ſpecies of compoſition, Mr Weſley was by no means a deſpicable poet. There are ſeveral of his ſmaller pieces, which are excellent; eſpecially the Hymn of Eupolis to the Creator. Perhaps I may be ſingular; but it has always ſtruck me as one of the beſt pieces, in this kind of meaſure, in the Engliſh language; and I could never read it, without ſuch feelings as very few poems have been able to produce. That the reader may judge for himſelf, and, by way of compenſation to the much injured memory of a worthy man, it is here inſerted, as it ſtands in the firſt volume of the Arminian Magazine.

THE OCCASION.

PART OF A (NEW) DIALOGUE BETWEEN PLATO AND EUPOLIS.

(THE REST NOT EXTANT.)

EUP. But is it not a little hard, that you ſhould baniſh all our fraternity from your new commonwealth? What hurt has father Homer done, that you diſmiſs him among the reſt?

PLATO. Certainly the blind old gentleman lyes with the beſt grace in the world. But a lye handſomely told, debauches the taſte and morals of a people. Beſides, his tales of the gods are intolerable, and derogate, in the higheſt degree, from the dignity of the divine nature.

EUP. But do you really think theſe
arable from poetry? May not
reme be ſung without any
; of them?

PLATO. I muſt own, I hardly ever ſaw any thing of that nature. But I ſhall be glad to ſee you, or any other, attempt and ſucceed in it. On that condition, I will gladly exempt you from the fate of your brother poets.

EUP. I am far from pretending to be a ſtandard; but I will do the beſt I can.

THE HYMN.

" Author of being, ſource of light,
With unfading beauties bright,
Fulneſs, goodneſs, rolling round
Thy own fair orb, without a bound:
Whether thee thy ſuppliants call,
Truth or good, or one, or all,
Ei or Iao; thee we hail,
Eſſence, that can never fail,
Grecian or Barbaric name,
Thy ſtedfaſt being, ſtill the ſame.
Thee, when morning greets the ſkies,
With roſy cheeks and humid eyes;
Thee, when ſweet declining day
Sinks in purple waves away;

Thee will I ſing, O Parent Jove,
And teach the world to praiſe and love.
Yonder azure vault on high,
Yonder blue, low, liquid ſky,
Earth, on it's firm baſis plac'd,
And with circling waves embrac'd,
All-creating power confeſs,
All their mighty maker bleſs.
Thou ſhak'ſt all nature with thy nod;
Sea, earth, and air confeſs the God:
Yet does thy powerful hand ſuſtain,
Both earth and heaven, both firm and main.
Scarce can our daring thoughts ariſe,
To thy pavilion in the ſkies;
Nor can Plato's ſelf declare
The bliſs, the joy, the rapture there.
Barren above thou doſt not reign,
But circled with a glorious train,
The ſons of God, the ſons of light,
Ever joying in thy ſight:
(For thee their ſilver harps are ſtrung)
Ever beauteous, ever young,
Angelic forms their voices raiſe,
And through heav'ns arch reſound thy praiſe.

The feather'd ſouls, that ſwim the air,
And bathe in liquid ether there,
The lark, precentor of their choir,
Leading them higher ſtill, and higher,
Liſten and learn; th' angelic notes
Repeating in their warbling throats;
And ere to ſoft repoſe they go,
Teach them to their lords below:
On the green turf, their moſſy neſt,
The evening anthem ſwells their breaſt:
Thus, like thy golden chain from high,
Thy praiſe unites the earth and ſky.
Source of light, thou bidſt the ſun
On his burning axles run;
The ſtars, like duſt, around him fly,
And ſtrew the area of the ſky.
He drives ſo ſwift his race above,
Mortals can't perceive him move:
So ſmooth his courſe, oblique or ſtrait,
Olympus ſhakes not with his weight.
As the queen of ſolemn night,
Fills, at his vaſe, her orb of light,
Imparted luſtre; thus we ſee
The ſolar virtue ſhines by thee.

Eireſione we'll no more,
Imaginary power, adore;
Since oil and wool, and chearful wine,
And life-ſuſtaining bread are thine.

Thy herbage, O great Pan, ſuſtains
The flocks, that graze our attic plains;
The olive, with freſh verdure crown'd,
Riſes, pregnant, from the ground;
At thy command, it ſhoots and ſprings,
And a thouſand bleſſings brings.
Minerva, only is thy mind,
Wiſdom and bounty to mankind.
The fragrant thyme, the bloomy roſe,
Herb, and flower, and ſhrub, that grows
On Theſſalian Tempe's plain,
Or where the rich Sabeans reign,
That treat the taſte, or ſmell, or ſight,
For food, for med'cine, or delight;
Planted by thy parent care,
Spring, and ſmile, and flouriſh there.

O ye nurſes of ſoft dreams!
Reedy brooks, and winding ſtreams,
Or murm'ring o'er the pebbles ſheen,
Or ſliding through the meadows green,

Or where thro' matted ſedge you creep,
Trav'ling to your parent deep;
Sound his praiſe, by whom you roſe,
That ſea, which neither ebbs nor flows.
O ye immortal woods and groves!
Which the enamour'd ſtudent loves,
Beneath whoſe venerable ſhade,
For thought and friendly converſe made,
Fam'd Hecadem, old hero, lies,
Whoſe ſhrine is ſhaded from the ſkies,
And thro' the gloom of ſilent night,
Projects, from far, it's trembling light;
You, whoſe roots deſcend as low,
As high in air your branches grow,
Your leafy arms to heav'n extend,
Bend your heads, in homage bend;
Cedars and pines, that wave above,
And the oak, belov'd of Jove.
Omen, monſter, prodigy,
Or nothing are, or Jove, from thee!
Whether various nature play,
Or reinvers'd, thy will obey,
And to rebel man declare,
Famine, plague, and waſteful war.

Laugh, ye profane, who dare deſpiſe
The threat'ning vengeance of the ſkies,
Whilſt the pious, on his guard,
Undiſmay'd, is ſtill prepar'd:
Life or death, his mind's at reſt,
Since what thou ſend'ſt, muſt needs be beſt.
No evil can from thee proceed,
'Tis only ſuffer'd, not decreed;
Darkneſs is not from the ſun,
Nor mount the ſhades, till he is gone;
Then does night obſcene ariſe,
From Erebus, and fill the ſkies,
Fantaſtic forms the air invade,
Daughters of nothing, and of ſhade.
Can we forget thy guardian care,
Slow to puniſh, prone to ſpare!
Thou brak'ſt the haughty Perſian's pride,
That dar'd old Ocean's power deride.
Their ſhipwrecks ſtrew'd th' Eubean wave;
At Marathon they found a grave.
O ye bleſt Greeks! who there expir'd,
For Greece, with pious ardour fir'd,
What ſhrines or altars ſhall we raiſe,
To ſecure your endleſs praiſe?

Or need we monuments ſupply,
To reſcue what can never die?
And yet a greater hero far,
(Unleſs great Socrates could err)
Shall riſe to bleſs ſome future day,
And teach to live, and teach to pray.
Come, unknown inſtructor, come!
Our leaping hearts ſhall make thee room:
Thou, with Jove, our vows ſhalt ſhare,
Of Jove and thee we are the care.
O Father King! whoſe heav'nly face
Shines ſerene on all thy race,
We thy magnificence adore,
And thy well-known aid implore:
Nor vainly for thy help we call,
Nor can we want; for thou art all."

Such is the piece I have ventured to commend. It's beauties are numerous and ſtriking; and I am perſuaded that no reader of taſte and diſcernment will object to it's introduction: the leſs ſo, when it is conſidered, that though many

have heard of this gentleman's name in the Dunciad and the Diſpenſary, but few are acquainted with his claims to a more honourable diſtinction. Had all the imitators and tranſlators of the ancients done them equal juſtice, they would have no reaſon to repine at being ſeen in an Engliſh dreſs. But Mr Weſley's talents as a writer are the leaſt of his praiſe. He was not merely a man of learning and ability. His piety and integrity were ſtriking and exemplary. He was given to hoſpitality; and in every reſpect a moſt excellent pariſh prieſt: and after a long and uſeful life, died at Epworth, in April, 1735. The truly Chriſtian reſignation, the fortitude and magnanimity which crowned the laſt moments of this valuable man, were ſo ſtriking, and are ſo admirably deſcribed in a letter from his ſon, the late Mr Charles

Weſley, to his brother Samuel, that it were an injury to the public to omit it.

" Dear Brother,

After all your deſire of ſeeing my father alive, you are at laſt aſſured, you muſt ſee his face no more, till he is raiſed in incoruption. You have reaſon to envy us, who could attend him in the laſt ſtage of his illneſs. The few words he could utter I ſaved, and I hope, ſhall never forget them. Some of them were, " Nothing too much to ſuffer for heaven. The weaker I am in body, the ſtronger and more ſenſible ſupport I feel from God. There is but a ſtep between me and death. To-morrow I would ſee you all with me round the table, that we may once more drink of the cup of bleſſing, before we ' drink it new in the kingdom of God.' With deſire have I deſired to

eat this paſſover with you before I die."

The morning he was to communicate, he was ſo weak and full of pain, that he could not, without the utmoſt difficulty, receive the elements; often repeating, "thou ſhakeſt me; thou ſhakeſt me;" but immediately after receiving, there followed the moſt ſenſible alteration: he appeared full of peace and faith, which extended even to his body; for he was ſo much better, that we almoſt hoped he would recover. The fear of death he had entirely conquered, and at laſt gave up his lateſt human deſires, of finiſhing Job*, paying his debts, and ſeeing you.

He often laid his hand upon my head, and ſaid, "Be ſteady. The Chriſtian faith will ſurely revive in this kingdom. You ſhall ſee it, though I ſhall not." To my ſiſter Emily he ſaid,

* A Latin commentary on that book.

" Don't be concerned at my death. God will then begin to manifeſt himſelf to my family." When we were met about him, his uſual expreſſion was, " Now let me hear you talk of heaven." On my aſking him whether he did not find himſelf worſe, he replied, " Oh! my Charles, I feel a great deal: God chaſtens me with ſtrong pain; but I praiſe him for it; I thank him for it; I love him for it."

On the 25th, his voice failed him, and nature ſeemed exhauſted; when, on my brother's aſking him whether he was not near heaven, he anſwered diſtinctly, and with the moſt of hope and triumph that could be expreſſed in ſounds, " Yes, I am." He ſpoke once more, juſt after my brother had uſed the commendatory prayer. His laſt words were, " Now you have done all." This was about

half paſt ſix. From this time till ſun-ſet, he made ſigns of offering up himſelf, till my brother, having again uſed the prayer, the very moment it was finiſhed, he expired. His paſſage was ſo ſmooth and inſenſible, that notwithſtanding the ſtopping of his pulſe, and the ceaſing of all ſigns of life and motion, we continued over him a conſiderable time, in doubt whether the ſoul was departed or no. My mother, who for ſeveral days before he died, hardly ever entered his chamber, but ſhe was carried out in a fit, was far leſs ſhocked at the news than we expected; and told us, that now ſhe was heard, in his having ſo eaſy a death, and in her being ſtrengthened to bear it."

Such was the death of this venerable clergyman. And it is no exaggeration to ſay, that a better man, or a more vigilant and faithful paſtor he certainly

did not leave behind him. He united the zeal and courage of a martyr with the ſimplicity and evangelical ſpirit of an apoſtle; and though he had no great cauſe to boaſt the munificence, he poſſeſſed the eſteem of ſome of the firſt characters in the nation:

"Her gracious ſmiles not pious Anne denied,
"And beauteous Mary bleſt him, when ſhe died."

The Dean of St. Patrick's, who was an acute diſcerner of merit, bore ample teſtimony to his worth. It is ſaid, that he was ſtrongly ſolicited, by the emiſſaries of James II. to countenance the meaſures of the court, in favour of popery; and that his complaiſance to the monarch would have been acknowledged, by conſiderable preferment. But he abſolutely refuſed to read the declaration; and, though ſurrounded by ſoldiers and informers, juſtified that refuſal, by a bold

and pointed diſcourſe from Daniel iii. 17. 18. "If it be ſo, our God, whom we ſerve, is able to deliver us from the burning, fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king! But if not, be it known unto thee, O king! that we will not ſerve thy gods, nor worſhip the golden image, which thou haſt ſet up."

He was a laborious and uſeful preacher. His converſation was ſolid and entertaining, his carriage affable and courteous, and his beneficence much ſuperior to his income. We need not however conſider him as a faultleſs character. His undue warmth againſt the diſſenters, in early life, has been already noticed; nor can it be concealed, that both he and ſeveral of the family were remarkable for ſuch high notions of prerogative and authority, both in church and ſtate, as ſeem ſcarcely compatible with the con-

ſtitution of this country. Yet it is certain that he was one of the firſt, if not the firſt writer in defence of the revolution; a circumſtance which can ſcarcely be accounted for, but by ſuppoſing that whiggiſm was, in his opinion, more tolerable than popery; and that, to prevent the eſtabliſhment of the latter, the former might be endured.

His wife, Mrs Suſannah Weſley, was a lady of great merit and accompliſhments; and united the graces of her own ſex with the judgment and fortitude of the other. She brought him nineteen children; ſeveral of whom grew up to maturity, and were diſtinguiſhed by their talents. It is ſaid of one, who afterwards married a Mr Wright, that, at eight years of age, ſhe was well acquainted with the Greek Teſtament, and could repeat a conſiderable part of it. This lady does

not appear to have been happy in her connections. Whatever was the cauſe, ſhe ſeems to have fallen a prey to the ſeverity of her fate; and, if we can credit the following epitaph, which ſhe compoſed for herſelf, actually died of a broken heart:

" Deſtin'd while living to ſuſtain
An equal ſhare of grief and pain;
All various ills of human race,
Within this breaſt had once a place.
Without complaint ſhe learnt to bear
A living death, a long deſpair.
Till hard oppreſt by adverſe fate,
O'ercharg'd ſhe ſunk beneath it's weight,
And to this peaceful tomb retir'd,
So much eſteem'd, ſo long deſir'd;
The painful, mortal conflict's o'er;
A broken heart can bleed no more.

The ſimplicity and pathetic air of theſe lines is a ſufficient proof, that her diſtreſs was not imaginary; and I believe ſhe died at an early period. Several compoſitions,

by the ſame hand, have appeared in different publications; and though ſaddened by an air of tender melancholy, in general but too viſible, diſcover an elegant and enlightened mind. I ſhall only add the following addreſs to her dying infant:

" Tender ſoftneſs! infant mild!
Perfect, ſweeteſt, lovelieſt child!
Tranſient luſtre! beauteous clay!
Smiling wonder of a day!
Ere the laſt convulſive ſtart
Rends thy unreſiſting heart;
Ere the long enduring ſwoon
Weigh thy precious eye-lids down;
Ah! regard a mother's moan;
Anguiſh deeper than thy own!

Faireſt eyes, whoſe dawning light
Late with rapture bleſt my ſight;
Ere your orbs extinguiſh'd be,
Bend their trembling beams on me.
Drooping ſweetneſs! verdant flower!
Blooming, with'ring in an hour!

Ere thy gentle breaſt ſuſtains
Lateſt, fierceſt, mortal pains,
Hear a ſuppliant; let me be
Partner in thy deſtiny."

Another ſiſter was addreſſed by a clergyman, whoſe name was H*ll, and who was introduced to the family, by Mr John Weſley, in one of his excurſions from the univerſity to Epworth. It is a painful taſk, on ſome occaſions, to ſpeak what we know to be the truth; and it muſt always be ſo, to a man of feeling and benevolence, when it affects the moral character of thoſe, who have lately quitted the theatre of human life. But as this gentleman's conduct was public and notorious, and more eſpecially, as Mr Badcock, in the Weſtminſter Magazine, and Mr Weſley, in ſeveral paſſages of his Journals, have given the public much in-

formation on this ſubject, it will ſcarcely be deemed uncharitable or impertinent, if I ſhould take notice of the faults of a man, ſo intimately connected with the family. It ſeems too, that a diſtinction is to be obſerved. There are ſome foibles, which are to be aſcribed to the infirmity of human nature. In ſuch caſes, cenſure muſt degenerate into detraction. But, in inſtances of actual vice, and thoſe too of the moſt alarming and pernicious tendency, the rule, that we ſhould not ſpeak ill of the dead, can hardly be obſerved; and their faults ought to be cenſured, not merely, that we may form an accurate eſtimation of their real character, but as a proper admonition to others.

Mr H*ll paid his addreſſes to Miſs Kezzy Weſley. It appears, from the intimations ſcattered up and down the

letters and other papers, in which he is mentioned, that, in perſon and underſtanding, and in every reſpect, but probity and virtue, he was formed to captivate the ſex. The young lady, and the reſt of the family, who conſidered the offer as highly advantageous, gave him a favourable reception; and, for ſome time, the conſent of his mother was the only obſtacle to the match. But it was not long before he deſerted the younger, in favour of her elder ſiſter; and, the better to accompliſh his purpoſe, had recourſe to the old ſubterfuge of hypocriſy, under the maſk of piety, and pretended a revelation, that it was the will of heaven. The dictates of honour and conſcience, the interpoſition of every branch of the family, and every thing that could be urged, was ineffectual. The marriage was celebrated; and Mr

Badcock ſays (what ſeems more wonderful than all the reſt) that the lady he had deſerted, attended him and her ſiſter to his curacy in Wales.

After ſuch a beginning, it will be no matter of ſurpriſe, that he preſently grew diſſatisfied with his wife, and, having embraced polygamy in principle, carried it as far as he could, into practice, and ſtrongly recommended it in converſation and in his public diſcourſes.

It ſeems rather remarkable, that the opportunity of intimate acquaintance and obſervation was not ſufficient, to prevent John and Charles from being duped, by the artifices of this ſpecious man. They regarded him, for a conſiderable time, as a Chriſtian of the firſt order; and it appears, to the laſt moment of his life, to have been the opinion of Mr John Weſley, that, when he firſt knew him,

he was ſincere in his religion. But his egregious hypocriſy, in ſome future ſcenes, renders this at leaſt highly problematical: and it is much to be lamented, that a man, to whom nature had been ſo laviſh of her favours, ſhould ſo groſsly have diſhonoured himſelf, and done ſo much injury to others.

Mr Samuel Weſley, however, was not to be deceived by appearances. He was too acute an obſerver, too refined a ſtudent in men and manners, to give credit to his pretentions to ſuperior ſanctity; and, in a letter to John, gave his judgment, concerning him, in theſe remarkble terms: "I am ſure, I may well ſay of that marriage, it will not, cannot come to good. I never liked the man, from the firſt time I ſaw him. His ſmoothneſs never ſuited my roughneſs. He appeared always to dread me as a wit and

a jeſter, like Rivington. This, with me, is a ſure ſign of guilt and hypocriſy. He never could meet my eye in full light. Conſcious that there was ſomething foul at bottom, he was afraid I ſhould ſee it, if I looked keenly into his eye. Charles ſends me a bad account indeed. If you will allow Kezzy what was propoſed, I will take her with me. Thus ſhe will be delivered from diſcontent, perhaps, or a worſe paſſion."

But the intentions of this excellent brother were fruſtrated. The defection of a man, who had engaged her tendereſt affections, was a ſhock, to her peace, too rude to be ſupported; and involved her in a melancholy, that preyed upon her conſtitution, and, in a little time, brought her to the grave. The unhappy man was, for many years, the ſport of the moſt unruly paſſions: and his adven-

tures, in England and in foreign countries, were as various and eccentric, as was his own character. Sometimes he acted as a medical man, and ſometimes as a clergyman; and, with equal eaſe, exhibited in canonicals, or figured away with his ſword and cane, and ſcarlet cloak. At length, having deſerted his wife, and run off with his maid; having played a thouſand freaks, and eſcaped a thouſand dangers, he returned home, and was ſeen officiating in a church in London, where, not long before his death, he delivered an extemporary diſcourſe from the firſt verſe of the 19th pſalm, which a gentleman, who heard it, ſays, was inimitably elegant and pathetic. He was a man of great learning and ingenuity; and it is ſaid that, in his latter end, he gave full proof of contrition, and died in peace.

CHAP. II.

Of Samuel Wesley the Younger.

THIS gentleman was the eldeſt ſon of Samuel and Suſannah Weſley, and was born, at Epworth, about the year 1690. He was educated at Weſtminſter ſchool, and from thence elected to Chriſt Church. In both theſe places, ſo deſervedly eminent for polite learning, he diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his compoſitions, and acquired the reputation of an excellent claſſic. His ſkill in the languages and ſcienes was accurate and extenſive; and, having taken the degree of Maſter of Arts, he was ſent for, to offici-

ate as an uſher at Weſtminſter. Not long after, under the auſpices of the celebrated Dr Atterbury, then Dean of Weſtminſter, he took orders; and was univerſally eſteemed, as an able preacher and a judicious divine. A diſtinguiſhed excellence of Mr Weſley, was his benevolence. He was humane and charitable, both by nature and from principle, and indefatigable in the ſervice of the indigent. What he was incapable of alone, he frequently accompliſhed, by his influence upon others. Among other things of this kind, we are informed, that the firſt infirmary at Weſtminſter was much forwarded, both in the deſign and execution, by his induſtrious charity.

He was held in high eſtimation, by ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed characters of the day. Oxford, Atterbury, and

Pope were his particular friends; and it appears by a letter from the laſt of theſe, that he procured him ſeveral ſubſcribers to a volume of poems which he publiſhed. It is certain however, that he derived no ſolid advantage from theſe connections. On the contrary, they ruined his proſpects in the church, and equally prevented his advancement in the ſchool. Walpole became his moſt inveterate enemy: while he, provoked by the part this Palinurus took againſt him, retaliated, without mercy, on Sir Robert, and vented his indignation in a thouſand jeſts and paſquinades; which, though they ſtung the miniſter to the quick, did not fail, at the ſame time, to confirm him in his reſolution, that Mr Weſley ſhould never riſe at Weſtminſter. The animoſity between them was mutual; and yet, ſuch was the filial piety of this high-ſpirited

man, that, in the latter end of his father's life, who was but in narrow circumſtances, he even condeſcended, in his favour, to ſolicit a miniſter, he both hated and deſpiſed. The ſolicitation did not ſucceed.

The baniſhment of Atterbary made no difference in Mr Weſley's attachment. His integrity was inflexible. The Biſhop of Rocheſter, whoſe political principles were congenial to his own, and whoſe talents were of the firſt order, he had always been accuſtomed to regard, with the moſt reſpectful veneration: and, under all the obloquy of attainder and deprivation, he did not diſcontinue his attentions. He made no diſtinction between the Prelate, in the heighth of honour and poſperity, and the ſame perſon arraigned before the lords, and ſentenced to perpetual exile. He honoured the memory of his patron

with a pathetic elegy; and he had paid the ſame tribute, on the death of his Lordſhip's daughter, Mrs Morrice. A circumſtance with which the Biſhop was ſo ſenſibly affected, as to declare, that if ever he returned home with honour, Mr Weſley ſhould find it. But the Biſhop did not return; and his friend, after preſiding a few years at a grammar ſchool at Tiverton, in Devon, died in November, 1739, and in the forty-ninth year of his age.

He was the author of a volume of poems in quarto, on a variety of ſubjects; ſome grave and religious; ſome ludicrous and ſatyrical. But, in general, they have the beſt tendency, and are calculated, either to correct ſome vice, or to inculcate ſome branch of morality and virtue. They abound with marks of profound erudition, great obſervation and know-

ledge of mankind, with a moſt lively and vigorous imagination. His fire was however ſuperior to his correctneſs. His verſes, in many parts, poſſeſs not that harmony they might have acquired, had he taken more pains to poliſh and refine them. But they are maſculine and nervous in the higheſt degree. Dean Swift greatly admired the Battle of the Sexes; which I think he republiſhed in Dublin; and of which, for this reaſon, ſome ſuppoſed him to be the author. Some of his hymns are very fine. His tales, for the eaſy and agreeable humour they contain, merit a particular attention. He has very nearly approached, if he did not equal Prior, whom he took for his model. The ſatire of theſe ingenious pieces, though exquiſitely pointed, is facetious and well-tempered: and they are full of admirable inſtructions, for the comfort

and regulation of life. But perhaps the very beſt, though one of the ſhorteſt of his compoſitions, is the following paraphraſe on a verſe of Iſaiah:

" The morning flowers diſplay their ſweets,
And gay their ſilken leaves unfold;
As careleſs of the noon-day heats,
And fearleſs of the evening cold.

Nipt by the wind's unkindly blaſt,
Parch'd by the ſun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waſte,
The ſhort-liv'd beauties die away.

So blooms the human face divine,
When youth it's pride of beauty ſhews;
Fairer than ſpring the colours ſhine,
And ſweeter than the virgin roſe.

Or worn by ſlowly rolling years,
Or broke by ſickneſs in a day,
The fading glory diſappears,
The ſhort-liv'd beauties die away.

Yet theſe, new riſing from the tomb,
With luſtre brighter far ſhall ſhine,

Revive, with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diſeaſes and decline.

Let ſickneſs blaſt, and death devour,
Since heav'n muſt recompenſe our pains;
Periſh the graſs, and fade the flower,
Since firm the word of God remains."

Among the papers Mr Weſley left behind him, is the following letter; which, while it ſhews the terms upon which he was with the Earl of Oxford, informs us alſo of his intention of publiſhing notes on Hudibras. It is dated from Dover-ſtreet, Auguſt 7. 1734, and is as follows:

"REV. SIR,

I am ſorry and aſhamed to ſay it; but the truth muſt come out, that I have a letter of your's, dated June the 8th; and this is the 7th of Auguſt, and I have but now ſet pen to paper, to anſwer it.

I aſſure you, that I was very glad to hear from you, and ſince, that you are much mended in your health. Change of air will certainly be of great ſervice to you; and I hope you will uſe ſome other exerciſe, than that of the ſchool. I hear you have had an increaſe of above forty boys, ſince you have been down there. I am very glad, for your ſake, that you are ſo well approved of. I hope it will, in every reſpect, anſwer your expectation: if your health be eſtabliſhed, I make no doubt, but thoſe parts will be to your mind; which will be a great pleaſure to me.

There is very little news ſtirring. They all agree, that the Biſhop of Worceſter is dying. They ſay Hoadley is to ſucceed him, and Potter Hoadley; but how farther I cannot tell; nor does the town pretend, which is a wonderful thing!

I am very glad you was induced to read over Hudibras three times, with care. I find you are perfectly of my mind, that it much wants notes; and that it will be a great work. Certainly it will be ſo, to do it as it ſhould be. I do not know any one ſo capable of doing it as yourſelf. I ſpeak this very ſincerely. Lilly's life I have; and any books, that I have, you ſhall ſee, and have the peruſal of them, and any other part, that I can aſſiſt. I own I am very fond of the work; and it would be of excellent uſe and entertainment.

The news you read in the papers, of a match between my daughter and the Duke of Portland, was completed at Marybone chapel. I think there is the greateſt proſpect of happineſs to them both. I think it muſt be mutual. One part cannot be happy without the other.

Here is great harmony of temper, and a liking to each other; which is, I think, a true foundation for happineſs. Compliments from all here attend you.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt affectionate

humble ſervant,

OXFORD.

P. S. The two boys are well. Pray, let me hear from you ſoon; and let me know, under your own hand, how you do."

His Lordſhip was certainly right. The genius of Mr Weſley; his knowledge of the tranſactions of thoſe times; and, let me add too, his extreme averſion and contempt for the Oliverian fanatics, rendered him the fitteſt perſon in the world for a commentator on ſuch a writer: and notwithſtanding the induſtry and abi-

lity of Mr Grey, who is ſaid to have had many of his notes, it is to be lamented, as a real loſs to the republic of letters, that this propoſal was not carried into execution.

The modeſty of the poet was ſtriking and uncommon. He informs the public, in an advertiſement prefixed to his poems, that they were publiſhed, not from "any opinion of excellency in the verſes themſelves;" but merely on account of "the profit propoſed by the ſubſcription." There are not many writers, who, with equal talents, are poſſeſſed of equal diffidence; and after ſuch a declaration, every one will be pleaſed to hear, that the ſubſcription was ſuch, as to make up a conſiderable part of a decent competency, which he left for the ſupport of his widow and daughter. This daughter, who was his only child, mar-

ried Mr Earle, a ſurgeon, at Barnſtaple, by whom ſhe had a daughter, who married a Mr Manſell of Dublin.

This article cannot be more properly cloſed, than by ſubjoining the inſcription on his tomb-ſtone, in the church-yard, at Tiverton.

Here lie, interred,
the Remains of the Rev. SAMUEL WESLEY, A. M.
ſometime Student of Chriſt-church, Oxon:
a man, for his uncommon wit and learning,
for the benevolence of his temper,
and ſimplicity of his manners,
deſervedly beloved and eſteemed by all.
An excellent Preacher:
but whoſe beſt ſermon
was the conſtant example of an edifying life.
So continually and zealouſly employed
in acts of beneficence and charity,
that he truly followed
His bleſſed Maſter's example,
in going about, doing good.

Of ſuch ſcrupulous integrity,
that he declined occaſions of advancement in the world,
thro' fear of being involved in dangerous compliances,
and avoided the uſual ways to preferment
as ſtudiouſly as many others ſeek them.
Therefore, after a life ſpent
in the laborious employment of teaching youth,
firſt, for near twenty years,
as one of the Uſhers in Weſtminſter ſchool;
afterwards, for ſeven years,
as Head-maſter of the free ſchool, at Tiverton,
he reſigned his ſoul to God,
Nov. 6. 1739, in the 49th year of his age.

CHAP. III.

Of Charles Wesley, A. M.

CHARLES, the third ſon, was born at Epworth, in 1708. He received his education at Weſtminſter, and was thence elected to Chriſt-church, where he proceeded A. M. It is ſaid, that he was born in the ſeventh month of his mother's pregnancy; and though he did not enjoy the ſtrength and firm conſtitution of his brothers, he lived to a good old age. He was an excellent ſcholar, and had he engaged in the higher walks of verſe, would certainly have been eſteemed a conſiderable poet. He confined himſelf chiefly however to hymn writing: and it is to be lamented

that he did ſo, though many of his pieces are, without diſpute, among the beſt things in that ſpecies of compoſition. This gentleman was of a warm and lively diſpoſition, of great frankneſs and integrity; and there was an honeſty in his nature, which ſome would perhaps call precipitancy and imprudence; and which would not ſuffer him to paſs over, or to bear with any thing his judgment diſapproved. He had a great regard for men of principle in all perſuaſions; and, with all his heart, abhorred a hypocrite, and the whole tribe of ſycophants and flatterers: nor could perſons of ſuch a character, be long in his preſence with impunity. His converſation was pleaſing and inſtructive, and often ſeaſoned with wit and humour. His religion of the right ſort; not gloomy and cynical; but cheerful and benevo-

ſent: and whatever might have been the caſe in his youth, in his latter days he was certainly no enthuſiaſt.

In April 1749, he married Miſs Eleanor Gwynne, a moſt amiable lady, of Garth, in Brecknockſhire, who brought him two ſons and a daughter, now living. The ſons are much known and admired for their muſical talents. The younger, a few years ago, became a convert to popery; and I am authoriſed to ſay, that this event was one of the greateſt afflictions of Mr Weſley's life. The light, in which he conſidered it, cannot be better repreſented, than by obſerving, that one of the laſt reflections that fell from his lips, was a declaration, that he forgave the perſon, by whoſe means this converſion was brought about.

As Mr Charles was of a more retired temper than his brother, and leſs expo-

ſed to public obſervation; and as he rather concurred with him in what he directed, than acted of himſelf, little can be ſaid of him as a public character. In 1734 he wrote to his brother Samuel, informing him of the intended marriage, between one of his ſiſters and Mr H*ll. We have already ſeen, that this match was broken off; and that the gentleman in queſtion married her elder ſiſter. Some time previous to this marriage, and not long before his father's death, Charles wrote his ſiſter Martha the following epiſtle; from which it appears, that the poet was as much miſtaken in her, as he had been in her whimſical inamorato; and that the lady, though aſſiſted by every conſideration of piety and juſtice, and urged by ſo nervous and pathetic a repreſentation, was not proof againſt the blandiſhments of an artful and accompliſhed man:

TO MISS MARTHA WESLEY.

When want and pain, and death beſiege our gate,
And every ſolemn moment teems with fate,
While clouds and darkneſs fill the ſpace between,
Perplex th' event, and ſhade the folded ſcene,
In humble ſilence wait th' unutter'd voice,
Suſpend thy will, and check thy forward choice;
Yet wiſely fearful, for th' event prepare,
And learn the dictates of a brother's care.
How fierce thy conflict, how ſevere thy flight!
When hell aſſails the foremoſt ſons of light!
When he, who long in virtue's paths hath trod,
Deaf to the voice of conſcience and of God,
Drops the fair maſk, proves traitor to his vow,
And thou the temptreſs, and the tempted thou!
Prepare thee then to meet th' infernal war,
And dare beyond what woman knows to dare;
Guard each avenue to thy flutt'ring heart,
And act the ſiſter's and the Chriſtian's part.
Heav'n is the guard of virtue; ſcorn to yield,
When ſcreen'd by Heav'ns impenetrable ſhield:
Secure in this, defy th' impending ſtorm,
Tho' Satan tempt thee in an angel's form.

And oh! I ſee the fiery trial near:
I ſee the ſaint, in all his forms, appear!
By nature, by religion taught to pleaſe,
With conqueſt flush'd, and obſtinate to preſs,
He liſts his virtues in the cauſe of hell,
Heav'n, with celeſtial arms, preſumes t' aſſail,
To veil, with ſemblance fair, the fiend within,
And make his God ſubſervient to his ſin!
Trembling, I hear his horrid vows renew'd,
I ſee him come, by Delia's groans purſued;
Poor injur'd Delia! all her groans are vain;
Or he denies, or liſt'ning, mocks her pain.
What tho' her eyes with ceaſeleſs tears o'erflow,
Her boſom heave with agonizing woe!
What tho' the horror of his falſehood near,
Tear up her faith, and plunge her in deſpair!
Yet, can he think (ſo blind to heav'ns decree,
And the ſure fate of curs'd apoſtacy)
Soon as he tells the ſecret of his breaſt,
And puts the angel off, and ſtands confeſt;
When love, and grief, and ſhame, and anguiſh meet,
To make his crimes, and Delia's wrongs complete,
That then the injur'd maid will ceaſe to grieve,
Behold him in a ſiſter's arms—and live?

Miſtaken wretch! by thy unkindneſs hurl'd,
From eaſe, from love, from thee, and from the world,
Soon muſt ſhe land on that immortal ſhore,
Where falſehood never can torment her more;
There all her ſuff'rings, all her ſorrows ceaſe,
Nor ſaints turn devils there, to vex her peace.
Yet hope not then, all ſpecious as thou art,
To taint, with impious vows, her ſiſter's heart;
With proffer'd worlds, her honeſt ſoul to move,
Or tempt her virtue to inceſtuous love.
No! wert thou as thou waſt! did heav'ns firſt rays
Beam on thy ſoul, and all the godhead blaze!
Sooner ſhall ſweet oblivion ſet us free
From friendſhip, love, thy perfidy and thee:
Sooner ſhall light in league with darkneſs join,
Virtue and vice, and heav'n with hell combine,
Than her pure ſoul conſent to mix with thine;
To ſhare thy ſin, adopt thy perjury,
And damn herſelf, to be reveng'd on thee;
To load her conſcience with a ſiſter's blood,
The guilt of inceſt, and the curſe of God!"

As this is one of his earlieſt productions, we may alſo pronounce it (ſome of his hymns excepted) conſiderably the

beſt. It is written *con amore*: and it is eaſy to ſee, that his whole heart was engaged in it. Many other pieces, ſuch as the elegies on the death of Whitfield and Jones; the addreſs to his brother John, and ſeveral more, which were compoſed haſtily, and on particular occaſions, are ſo much inferior to this little poem, that they ſcarcely appear to come from the ſame hand. It is perhaps not eaſy to aſſign the cauſe; but there ſeems a kind of fatality to attend poems on religious ſubjects: and whatever may be the reaſon, the fact is notorious, that not one in twenty is worth reading.

Mr Charles Weſley was ſubject, during his whole life, to a certain inſtinctive fear of dying, from an apprehenſion he could never conquer, that he muſt ſuffer ſomething terrible in his laſt moments. This idea was frequently preſent

to his imagination, and had ſuch an effect upon his mind, that, in his laſt illneſs, he conſtantly deſired thoſe, who viſited him, to pray that God would grant him patience and an eaſy death. His fears were happily diſappointed. The frame was fairly worn out; and, after a gradual and general decay, he departed with the utmoſt ſerenity and compoſure, and exchanged this life, for a better, in March 1788, and in the eightieth year of his age.

Notwithſtanding his connection with Methodiſm, he was always attached to the church of England, and gave orders, on his death-bed, that his remains ſhould be interred, not in his brother's burying ground at the City Road, becauſe it was not conſecrated; but in the church-yard at Mary bone, the pariſh in which he had ſpent the laſt years of his life. Some

will perhaps read this remark with a ſmile of diſdain, while others will regard it with approbation: but let the former remember, that, if this was a weakneſs in Mr Weſley, it was at leaſt a pardonable weakneſs; and had it's origin in ſome of the beſt principles of human nature. The writer of theſe pages had a great eſteem for this amiable man; and with pleaſure takes this opportunity of paying a tribute to a memory, which he will never ceaſe to reſpect and to regret. He quits, with reluctance, a ſubject that will ever be pleaſing to his recollection; but begs leave firſt to preſent the reader with a beautiful portrait of his humanity and benevolence, in a poetical comment on that much diſputed paſſage, in which the ſpirit of Samuel predicts to Saul, "by this time to-morrow thou and thy ſons ſhall be with me."

"What can theſe ſolemn lines portend?
Some gleam of hope, when life ſhall end.
Thou and thy ſons, though ſlain, ſhall be
To-morrow in repoſe with me:
Not in a ſtate of helliſh pain,
If Saul with Samuel remain;
Not in a ſtate of damn'd deſpair,
If loving Jonathan be there."

CHAP. IV.

Of JOHN WESLEY, A. M.

MR JOHN WESLEY, whoſe life and actions are the chief ſubject of theſe memoirs, was the ſecond ſon of Samuel and Suſannah Weſley; and was born at Epworth, in Lincolnſhire, according to his own account on the 21ſt of June, 1703; though according to that of one of his parents, and of the perſon who was his nurſe, in 1700. But there is the moſt poſitive proof that his own date is the true one. An incident of a particular nature took place in the family, which occaſioned the abſence of his father from home, and his ſeparation from

Mrs Weſley for upwards of a year and a half. During this time, King William died, and Queen Anne came to the throne. On her acceſſion, Mr Weſley returned to Epworth; and Mr John Weſley was the firſt child after that meeting.

The difference in theſe accounts aroſe from an event which happened when he was about ſix years old, and was very near proving fatal to him. The parſonage houſe at Epworth, by ſome accident, took fire, and was burnt to the ground; and with it the pariſh regiſter. The memory of his eſcape, on this occaſion, is preſerved in one of the early prints of him; in which, under the head, is a repreſentation of a houſe in flames, with a motto, "Is not this a brand plucked out "of the burning?" There is alſo a letter from his mother, to a clergyman in the neighbourhood, containing a parti-

cular account of the whole tranſaction. The letter is as follows, and is dated Auguſt 24th, 1709.

" On Wedneſday night, February the 9th, between the hours of eleven and twelve, ſome ſparks fell from the roof of our houſe, upon one of the children's (Hetty's) feet. She immediately ran to our chamber, and called us. Mr Weſley, hearing a cry of fire in the ſtreet, ſtarted up; (as I was very ill, he lay in a ſeparate room from me) and opening his door, found the fire was in his own houſe. He immediately came to my room, and bid me and my two eldeſt daughters riſe quickly and ſhift for ourſelves. Then he ran and burſt open the nurſery door, and called to the maid, to bring out the children. The two little ones lay in the bed with her; the three others in another

bed. She ſnatched up the youngeſt, and bid the reſt follow; which the three elder did. When we were got into the hall, and were ſurrounded with flames, Mr Weſley found he had left the keys of the doors above ſtairs. He ran up and recovered them, a minute before the ſtaircaſe took fire. When we opened the ſtreet door, the ſtrong north-eaſt wind drove the flames in with ſuch violence, that none could ſtand againſt them. But ſome of our children got through the windows, and the reſt through a little door into the garden. I was not in a condition to climb up to the windows; neither could I get to the garden door. I endeavoured three times to force my paſſage through the ſtreet door, but was as often beat back by the fury of the flames. In this diſtreſs, I beſought our bleſſed Saviour for help, and then waded thro'

the fire, naked as I was, which did me no farther harm, than a little ſcorching my hands and my face.

When Mr Weſley had ſeen the other children ſafe, he heard the child in the nurſery cry. He attempted to go up the ſtairs, but they were all on fire, and would not bear his weight. Finding it impoſſible to give any help, he kneeled down in the hall, and recommended the ſoul of the child to God."

[This child was John. The reſt muſt be given in his own words.]

"I believe it was juſt at that time I waked; for I did not cry, as they imagined, unleſs it was afterwards. I remember all the circumſtances as diſtinctly as though it were but yeſterday. Seeing the room was very light, I called to the maid to take me up. But none anſwering, I put my head out of the curtains, and

ſaw ſtreaks of fire on the top of the room. I got up and ran to the door, but could get no farther, all the floor beyond it being in a blaze. I then climbed up on a cheſt, which ſtood near the window: one in the yard ſaw me, and propoſed running to fetch a ladder. Another anſwered, 'There will not be time; but I have thought of another expedient. Here I will fix myſelf againſt the wall: lift a light man, and ſet him on my ſhoulders.' They did ſo, and he took me out of the window. Juſt then the whole roof fell in; but it fell inward, or we had all been cruſhed at once. When they brought me into the houſe, where my father was, he cried out, 'Come, neighbours! let 'us kneel down! let us give thanks to God! he has given me all my eight children: let the houſe go: I am rich enough!'

The next day, as he was walking in the garden, and ſurveying the ruins of the houſe, he picked up part of a leaf of his Polyglot Bible, on which juſt thoſe words were legible, "Vade; vende omnia quæ habes, et attolle crucem et ſequere me." Go; ſell all that thou haſt; and take up thy croſs, and follow me!"

Mr Weſley, as well as the reſt of the children, received the firſt rudiments of learning from his mother, who appears to have been well qualified for the inſtruction of youth, and whoſe ſucceſs was almoſt without example. When any of the children were to learn their letters, ſhe contrived, during that time, to have nothing elſe to do, and gave herſelf entirely to them. Samuel, who was the eldeſt, learnt his letters in a few hours. One or two of them, whom ſhe thought very

dull, were almoſt three days before they were perfect: but, in general, they were maſters of the alphabet in twenty-four hours, and in a few days could read a chapter in the Bible.

At an early age, John was removed to the Charter-houſe; and from thence to Chriſt-church; whence, having taken his firſt degree in arts, he was elected fellow of Lincoln in 1724, and proceeded to the degree of A. M. in 1726. His election to Lincoln ſeems to have been greatly promoted by his brother's intereſt in that ſociety: at leaſt this appears the moſt natural conſtruction of ſome expreſſions in a letter, in which he ſays, "I ſhould certainly have wrote you word of my ſucceſs on Friday; (all Thurſday I was detained at Lincoln;) but that I thought it more adviſeable, ſince I had promiſed to ſend

ſome verſes in a few days, to do both in the ſame letter. I am at the ſame time to aſk pardon for letting any thing prevent my doing the firſt ſooner, and to return you my ſincere and hearty thanks, as well for the freſh inſtance of affection you now give me, in the pains you take to qualify me for the enjoyment of that ſucceſs, which I owe chiefly, not to ſay wholly to your intereſt. I am the more ready to profeſs my gratitude now, becauſe I may do it with leſs appearance of deſign than formerly; of any other deſign I hope, than of ſhewing myſelf ſenſible of the obligation, and that in this reſpect at leaſt, I am not unworthy of it."

Mr Weſley was ſoon regarded at Oxford as a man of talents, and his compoſitions were always diſtinguiſhed by peculiar excellence. He was a critic in

ned languages, and his logical

ſkill was eminently conſpicuous. It is ſaid, that at a very early period he puzzled every opponent by the fallacies of an art, of which he was greatly enamoured; and that with the gaiety, and perhaps a ſmall mixture of the vanity of youth, he laughed at them for being ſo eaſily vanquiſhed.

His whole time however was by no means taken up with the ſeverer ſtudies. He did not diſdain to pay his court to the muſes; and ſeveral juvenile compoſitions, which are as animated and ſprightly, as they are claſſical and elegant, ſhow that it was not altogether without ſucceſs. Moſt of his pieces that we have ſeen are tranſlations from the Latin. The ſubjects indeed are ſuch as, in his latter years, he would certainly have diſapproved: but though they ſhow that he was not inſenſible to the fervour of youthful

paſſion, they will not diſcredit his memory. Thoſe that follow are ſelected, becauſe they appear in ſome original letters to his brother Samuel.

FROM THE LATIN.

As o'er fair Cloe's roſy cheek
Careleſs a little vagrant paſt;
With artful hand around his waiſt,
A ſlender chain the virgin caſt.

As Juno near her throne above
Her ſpangled birds delights to ſee;
As Venus has her fav'rite dove,
Cloe ſhall have her fav'rite flea.

Pleas'd with his chains, with nimble ſteps
He o'er her ſnowy boſom ſtray'd;
Now on her panting breaſt he leaps,
Now hides between, his little head.

Leaving at length his old abode,
He found, by thirſt or fortune led,

Her ſwelling lips, that brighter glow'd
Than roſes in their native bed.

Cloe, your artful bands undo,
Nor for your captive's ſafety fear;
No artful bands are needful now,
To keep the willing vagrant here.

While on that heaven 'tis given to ſtay
(Who would not wiſh to be ſo bleſt?)
No force can drive him once away,
Till death ſhall ſeize his deſtin'd breaſt!

IN IMITATION OF QUIS DESIDERIO SIT PUDOR, &c. SENT TO A GENTLEMAN ON THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER.

What ſhame ſhall ſtop our flowing tears?
What end ſhall our juſt ſorrows know?
Since heaven, relentleſs to our prayers,
Has given the long deſtructive blow.

Ye muſes, ſtrike the ſounding ſtring,
In plaintive ſtrains his loſs deplore,

And teach an artleſs voice to ſing
The great, the bounteous, now no more!

For him the wife and good ſhall mourn,
While late records his fame declare;
And oft as rolling years return,
Shall pay his tomb a grateful tear.

Ah! what avail their plaints to thee?
Ah! what avails his fame declar'd?
Thou blam'ſt alas! the juſt decree
Whence virtue meets it's full reward.

Tho' ſweeter ſounds adorn'd thy tongue
Than Thracian Orpheus whilom play'd,
When liſt'ning to the morning ſong,
Each tree bow'd down its leafy head:

Never, ah! never from the gloom
Of unrelenting Pluto's ſway,
Could the thin ſhade again reſume
It's ancient tenement of clay.

Indulgent patience, heav'n born gueſt!
Thy healing wings around diſplay;

Thou gently calm'ſt the ſtormy breaſt,
And driv'ſt the tyrant grief away.

Corroding care and eating pain,
By juſt degrees thy influence own;
And lovely, laſting peace again
Reſumes her long-deſerted throne.

HORACE, LIB. I. ODE XIX.

The cruel queen of fierce deſires,
While youth and wine aſſiſtants prove,
Renews my long-neglected fires,
And melts again my mind to love.

On blooming Glycera I gaze,
By too reſiſtleſs force oppreſt!
With fond delight my eye ſurveys
The ſpotleſs marble of her breaſt.

In vain I ſtrive to break my chain;
In vain I heave with anxious ſighs:
Her pleaſing coyneſs feeds my pain,
And keeps the conqueſts of her eyes.

Impetuous tides of joy and pain
By turns my lab'ring boſom tear;
The queen of love, with all her train
Of hopes and fears, inhabits there.

No more the wand'ring Scythian's might,
From ſofter themes my lyre ſhall move;
No more the Parthian's wily flight:
My lyre ſhall ſing of nought but love.

Haſte, graſſy altars let us rear;
Haſte, wreaths of fragrant myrtle twine;
With Arab ſweets perfume the air,
And crown the whole with gen'rous wine.

While we the ſacred rites prepare,
The cruel queen of fierce deſires
Will pierce, propitious to my prayer,
Th' obdurate maid with equal fires.

ODE XXII.

Integrity needs no defence;
The man who truſts to innocence,

Nor wants the darts Numidians throw,
Nor arrows of the Parthian bow.

Secure, o'er Lybia's ſandy ſeas,
Or hoary Caucaſus, he ſtrays;
O'er regions ſcarcely known to fame,
Waſh'd by Hydaſpes' fabled ſtream.

While void of cares, of nought afraid,
Late in the Sabine woods I ſtray'd;
On Sylvia's lips, while pleas'd I ſung,
How love and ſoft perſuaſion hung!

A rav'nous wolf, intent on food,
Ruſh'd from the covert of the wood;
Yet dar'd not violate the grove,
Secur'd by innocence and love.

Nor Mauritania's ſultry plain,
So large a ſavage does contain:
Nor e'er ſo huge a monſter treads
Warlike Apulia's beechen ſhades.

Place me where no revolving ſun
Does o'er his radiant circle run;

Where clouds and damps alone appear,
And poiſon the unwholeſome year:

Place me in that effulgent day,
Beneath the ſun's directer ray;
No change from it's fix'd place ſhall move
The baſis of my laſting love.

There needs no panegyric of theſe fugitive pieces. Their intrinſic merit is a ſufficient recommendation; and conſidering that they are haſty productions, and that little time was employed in the compoſition, and ſtill leſs in reviſing and correcting them, they may ſafely be pronounced excellent. In ſome of his letters, notice is taken of five or ſix other copies of verſes, which he wrote about his twenty-firſt or twenty-ſecond year. One of theſe was a tranſlation of part of the ſecond Georgic, and another was an imitation of the ſixty-fifth Pſalm.

If we can depend upon his own account, and there does not appear any reaſon to the contrary, Mr Weſley, who had a pious education, with the advantage of the beſt examples in the conduct of his parents, had an early diſpoſition to religion. Soon after his admiſſion at Lincoln, he became more ſerious than uſual; and, in a letter to his brother Samuel, of the 24th of April 1726, intimates his diſlike of that kind of poetry, which is ſo generally cultivated in youth. Speaking of ſome verſes, which a gentleman of Exeter college had promiſed to write out for him, he ſays, "Yeſterday I ſaw them, though not much to my ſatisfaction, as being all on very wrong ſubjects, and turning chiefly on romantic notions of love and gallantry." Of theſe the following are inſerted as a ſpecimen:

" By a cool fountain's flow'ry ſide
The fair Celinda lay;
Her looks increas'd the ſummer's pride,
Her eyes the blaze of day.

Quick thro' the air, to this retreat,
A bee induſtrious flew;
Prepar'd to rifle ev'ry ſweet,
Under the balmy dew.

Drawn by the fragrance of her breath,
Her roſy lips he found;
There, in full tranſport, ſuck'd in death,
And dropt upon the ground!

Enjoy, bleſt bee, enjoy thy fate,
Nor at thy fall repine;
Each God would quit his bliſsful ſtate,
To ſhare a death like thine!"

In the ſame letter there is a tranſlation of part of the 46th pſalm; but whether it is to be aſcribed to this gentleman or to Mr Weſley, does not clearly appear.

PSALM XLVI.

On God ſupreme our hope depends,
Whoſe omnipreſent ſight,
Ev'n to the pathleſs realms extends
Of uncreated night.

Plung'd in th' abyſs of deep diſtreſs,
To him we raiſe our cry;
His mercy bids our ſorrows ceaſe,
And fills our tongue with joy.

Tho' earth her ancient ſeat forſake,
By pangs convulſive torn;
Tho' her ſelf-balanced fabric ſhake,
And ruin'd nature mourn;

Tho' hills be in the ocean loſt,
with all their ſhaggy load:
No fear ſhall e'er moleſt the juſt,
Or ſhake his truſt in God.

What tho' th' ungovern'd, wild abyſs
His fires tumultuous pours?

What tho' the watry legions riſe,
And laſh th' affrighted ſhores?

What tho' the trembling mountains nod,
Nor ſtand the rolling war?
Sion ſecure enjoys the flood,
Loud echoing from afar.

The God moſt high on Sion's hill
Has fix'd high his abode;
Nor dare th' impetuous floods aſſail
The city of our God.

Nations remote and realms unknown,
In vain reject his ſway;
For lo! Jehovah's voice is ſhown,
And earth ſhall melt away.

Let war's devouring ſurges riſe,
And rage on every ſide;
The Lord of Hoſts our refuge is,
And Jacob's God our guide.

In the firſt volume of the Arminian Magazine, there is a paraphraſe, by Mr Weſley, of part of the civ. pſalm; and ſuch is it's excellence, that it would be wrong to omit it.

Upborn aloft on ventrous wing,
While ſpurning earthly themes I ſoar,
Thro' paths untrod before,
What God, what Seraph ſhall I ſing?
Whom but Thee ſhould I proclaim,
Author of this wondrous frame?
Eternal, uncreated LORD,
Enſhrin'd in glory's radiant blaze!
At whoſe prolific voice, whoſe potent word,
Commanded Nothing ſwift retir'd, and worlds began their race.

Thou, brooding o'er the realms of night,
Th' unbottom'd, infinite abyſs,
Bad'ſt the deep her rage ſurceaſe,
And ſaid'ſt, Let there be light!
Ætherial light thy call obey'd,
Thro' the wide void her living waters paſt,

Glad ſhe left her native ſhade,
Darkneſs turn'd his murmuring head,
Reſigned the reins, and trembling fled;
The chryſtal waves roll'd on, and fill'd the ambient waſte.

In light, effulgent robe, array'd,
Thou left'ſt the beauteous realms of day;
The golden towers inclin'd their head,
As their ſovereign took his way.
The all-incircling bounds (a ſhining train,
Miniſtering flames around him flew)
Thro' the vaſt profound he drew,
When, lo! ſequacious to his fruitful hand,
Heaven o'er th' uncoloured void, her azure curtain threw.

Lo! marching o'er the empty ſpace,
The fluid ſtores in order riſe,
With adamantine chains of liquid glaſs,
To bind the new-born fabric of the ſkies.
Downward th' Almighty Builder rode,
Old chaos groan'd beneath the God,
Sable clouds his pompous car,

Harneſt winds before him ran,
Proud to wear their maker's chain,
And told, with hoarſe-reſounding voice, his coming from afar.

Embryon earth the ſignal knew,
And rear'd from night's dark womb her infant head;
Tho' yet prevailing waves his hills o'erſpread,
And ſtain'd their ſickly face with pallid hue.
But when loud thunders the purſuit began,
Back the affrighted ſpoilers ran;
In vain aſpiring hills oppos'd their race,
O'er hills and vales with equal haſte,
The flying ſquadrons paſt,
Till ſafe within the walls of their appointed place;
There firmly fix'd, their ſure encloſures ſtand,
Unconquerable bounds of ever-during ſand!
He ſpake from the tall mountain's wounded ſide,
Freſh ſprings roll'd down their ſilver tide:
O'er the glad vales, the ſhining wanderers ſtray,
Soft murmuring as they flow,
While in their cooling wave inclining low,
The untaught natives of the field, their parching thirſt allay.

High ſeated on the dancing ſprays,
Checquering with varied light their parent ſtreams,
The feather'd quires, attune their artleſs lays,
Safe from the dreaded heat of ſolar beams.

Genial ſhowers at his command,
Pour plenty o'er the barren land:
Labouring with parent throes,
See! the teeming hills diſcloſe
A new birth: ſee chearful green,
Tranſitory, pleaſing ſcene!
O'er the ſmiling landſkip glow,
And gladden all the vale below.
Along the mountain's craggy brow,
Amiably dreadful now!
See the claſping vine diſpread
Her gently riſing, verdant head;
See the purple grape appear,
Kind relict of human care!

Inſtinct, with circling life, thy ſkill
Uprear'd the olive's loaded bough;
What time on Lebanon's proud hill,
Slow roſe the ſtately cedars brow.

Nor leſs rejoice the lowly plains,
Of uſeful corn the fertile bed,
Than when the lordly cedar reigns,
A beauteous, but a barren ſhade.

While in his arms the painted train,
Warbling to the vocal grove,
Sweetly tell their pleaſing pain,
Willing ſlaves to genial love.
While the wild-goats, an active throng,
From rock to rock light-bounding fly,
Jehovah's praiſe in ſolemn ſong,
Shall echo thro' the vaulted ſky.

After much enquiry, we are not abſolutely certain at what time Mr Weſley entered into holy orders; all we know is, that he was ordained in the year 1725, by Dr Potter, afterwards Archbiſhop of Canterbury, and preached his firſt ſermon at Southlye, not far from Oxford, where we find him again in 1771. There is extant a correſpondence between ſeveral of the family on this ſubject. The

firſt letter in this correſpondence is dated January 26th. It is addreſſed to him by his father, and is diſtinguiſhed by ſome judicious reflections on the ſacred and important nature of the miniſterial office. He ſuppoſes, that to deſire to get into ſuch an office, like the ſons of Eli, "to eat a piece of bread," though it be the loweſt, is a motive not abſolutely unwarrantable; that the deſire and intention to lead a ſtricter life is a ſtill better motive; but that the chief inducements, and to which every thing elſe ought to be ſubſervient, are "the glory of God and the edification of our neighbour." Some men engage in the miniſtry, not only without any ſuch intentions, but with an averſion to the office: and any one may perceive the propriety of his obſervation on this caſe; "if a man be unwilling and undeſirous to enter into

orders, 'tis eaſy to gueſs, whether he ſay, ſo much as with common honeſty, that he truſts he is moved to it by the Holy Ghoſt." To young men he particularly recommends the Polyglot and Grotius as the beſt comments on ſcripture, and concludes with an admonition equally pertinent and affecting. "Work and write while you can. You ſee, Time has ſhaken me by the hand; and Death is but a little behind him. My eyes and heart are now almoſt all I have left: and I thank God for them."

The ſecond of theſe letters contains ſome excellent advice concerning moderation in youthful pleaſures; and the third, which is dated the 19th of October 1725, and juſt previous to the time when his ſon is ſuppoſed to have taken orders, is intended to reſolve ſome doubts with regard to the Athanaſian creed, and diſ-

covers, if we miſtake not, equal moderation and ingenuity. But let the reader judge for himſelf.

"You ſeem ſtaggered at the ſevere words in the Athanaſian creed. Conſider, their point is levelled againſt, and only againſt obſtinate heretics. A diſtinction is undoubtedly to be made, between what is wilful, and what is in ſome meaſure involuntary. God certainly will make a difference. We don't ſo well know it. We therefore muſt leave that to him, and keep to the rule, which he has given us.

As to the main of the cauſe, the beſt way to deal with our adverſaries, is to turn the war and their own vaunted arms againſt them. From balancing the ſchemes, it will appear, that there are many irreconcileable abſurdities and contradictions in theirs; but none ſuch (tho' indeed ſome difficulties) in ours. To in-

ſtance in one of a ſide. They can never prove a contradiction in our Three and One; unleſs we affirm them to be ſo in the ſame reſpect, which every child knows we do not. But we can prove there is one, in a creature's being a creator, which they affirm of our Lord."

Theſe letters, from the elder Mr Weſley, are evidently written in anſwer to his ſon's queries on the ſubject; and they ſhow, on the one hand, ſuch ſolid piety, with ſo much rational affection; and on the other, ſuch conſcientiouſneſs and integrity, as reflect great honour on them both. It were indeed exceedingly to be wiſhed, that every father, eſpecially every clergyman, who intends his ſon for holy orders, were as capable of adviſing him, and every ſon diſpoſed to be as commendably ſerious and inquiſitive on ſo important a ſubject.

But, at the ſame time that we expreſs our wiſhes, we muſt lament the impoſſibility of their accompliſhment. While young men, at the different ſeminaries, ſtudy any thing but divinity, and read any books rather than the ſcriptures; while they regard nothing in the church but her emoluments, and enter into orders upon exactly the ſame principles, as they would enter into the army or the navy, ſo long conſcientiouſneſs and integrity, either in taking orders, or in performing the eccleſiaſtical duties, will be foreign to many of the candidates for the miniſterial office. It is preſumed, none will be diſpleaſed with this compariſon. The intention is merely to intimate, that employments in the army or the navy are of a ſecular, but thoſe in the church of a ſpiritual nature; and conſequently, that none ought to engage in ſuch an of-

fice, without a ſincere intention to promote piety in himſelf and others: and no clergyman of real piety can be offended, becauſe he certainly is not included in theſe reflections.

CHAP. V.

Of the Origin of Methodism.

WE have ſeen the principles on which Mr Weſley entered into holy orders. As he was not ordained to any cure, but as a fellow of his college, he reſided there till the year 1735, having ſeveral pupils, and officiating as Greek lecturer and moderator of both the claſſes. In this capacity, he diſcovered that love of ſtrictneſs and diſcipline, by which he has ever ſince been diſtinguiſhed. He was as vigilant over the morals of his pupils, as he was anxious for their improvement in literature; and he expected from them an obedience which,

we are authorized to ſay, was without a preçedent in the univerſity. He required that they ſhould riſe very early in the morning; that they ſhould read no books but ſuch as he approved; and that in their general conduct, and in every thing that reſpected their private ſtudies, as well as the ſtatutable exerciſes, they ſhould implicitly ſubmit to his directions.

It is ſaid, and we are not diſpoſed to doubt, that he was an excellent tutor. His diſcipline could ſcarcely be without it's uſe. The time of the young men would be well filled up, which, at an univerſity, is a principal thing: and being totally excluded from gaming and hunting, and a variety of other amuſements, not too friendly to learning, they could make the moſt of the advantages of that illuſtrious ſeminary.

Every one knows, that ſome of the firſt characters in the univerſe have been formed there; and that, with the previous education at ſchool and a good capacity, whoever reſides at college the uſual time, muſt either be a man of learning or of invincible indolence.

During his reſidence at Lincoln, Mr Weſley became particularly ſerious and religious; and ſeveral of his friends and pupils, having the ſame diſpoſitions, they formed into a kind of ſociety, which at firſt, in November 1729, conſiſted of the two Mr Weſleys, Mr Morgan of Chriſt-church, and one more; into which were admitted, ſome time after, Mr Clayton of Brazen-noſe, Mr Hervey, Mr Whitefield, and ſeveral others. At firſt, they read the claſſics every evening but Sunday, and on that day ſome book in divinity; but in a little time it is probable,

that their religious meetings were more frequent.

Mr Wesley ascribes his first religious impressions at Oxford to Bishop Taylor's Rules for holy Living and Dying, which fell in his way; and those impressions were confirmed and increased by reading Stanhope's Kempis, and the Serious Call and Christian Perfection of Mr Law. In reading these books, he tells us, that he found such comfort as he had never felt before; and that, meeting with a religious friend, he began to alter "the form of his conversation, and to set out in earnest upon a new life." He saw, as he observes, more and more of the value of time; shook off all his trifling acquaintance; applied himself more closely to study; watched against actual sins, and advised others to be religious, according to that scheme of religion by

which he modelled his own life. In a little time, ſays he, "I was convinced more than ever of the exceeding height and breadth, and depth of the law of God. The light flowed in ſo mightily upon my ſoul, that every thing appeared in a new view. I cried to God for help, and reſolved not to prolong the time of obeying him, as I had never done before. And by my continued endeavour to keep his whole law, inward and outward, to the beſt of my power, I was perſuaded, that I ſhould be accepted of him, and that I was even then in a ſtate of ſalvation."

The ſociety, with which he was connected, to an unuſual ſtrictneſs of deportment, and frequent meetings with each other, ſoon added a more diffuſive ſcheme of utility. The principal and moſt active among them was Mr Morgan. By his advice and example,

they viſited the ſick and the priſoners in the caſtle; they inſtituted a fund for the relief of the poor, and were ſo diligent in the ordinances of religion, and ſo induſtrious in doing good, that they began to be taken notice of, and were preſently diſtinguiſhed by the name of Methodiſts, Sacramentarians, and the Godly Club.

The better to accompliſh his benevolent deſigns, Mr Weſley abridged himſelf of all the ſuperfluities, and of ſome things that are called the neceſſaries of life; and propoſing their ſcheme for the relief of the poor to ſeveral gentlemen, they increaſed their fund to about eighty pounds a year. Theſe things, added to their obſervance of the faſts of the ancient church, and their ſtrict attention to every kind of religious duty, rendered them more and more obnoxious to cen-

ting them, had had the grace to imitate their example, it would have been much better both for the public and themſelves.

Mr Weſley's father was not likely to give them any oppoſition; for, when an under-graduate at Oxford, he had obſerved a ſimilar conduct, having frequently viſited the priſoners at the Caſtle. His brother Samuel, who was never ſuſpected of enthuſiaſm, was of the ſame mind; which he declares in the ſtrongeſt terms that could be employed on ſuch an occaſion. "I cannot ſay (ſays he) I thought you always in every thing right; but I muſt now ſay, rather than you and Charles ſhould give over your whole courſe, eſpecially what relates to the Caſtle, I would chuſe to follow either of you, nay both of you to your graves. I cannot adviſe you better, than in the words I propoſed for a motto to a pamphlet, "Stand thou ſted-

faſt as a beaten anvil; for it is the part of a good champion to be flead alive and to conquer."

Another clergyman, of known wiſdom and integrity, was conſulted on this occaſion. His anſwer was to the ſame purpoſe; but there are ſome expreſſions in it ſo pointed and remarkable, that we muſt inſert them. "As to my own ſenſe of the matter, I confeſs, I cannot but heartily approve that ſerious and religious turn of mind that prompts you and your aſſociates to thoſe pious and charitable offices; and can have no notion of that man's religion or concern for the honour of the univerſity, that oppoſes you as far as your deſign reſpects the colleges. I ſhould be loth to ſend a ſon of mine to any ſeminary, where his converſing with virtuous young men, whoſe profeſt deſign of meeting together, at

proper times, was to aſſiſt each other in forming good reſolutions, and encouraging one another to execute them with conſtancy and ſteadineſs, was inconſiſtent with any received maxims or rules of life among the members."

So far, it appears that they had conducted themſelves with equal piety and prudence. Some time in 1730 the ſociety ſuſtained a ſevere loſs in the deceaſe of Mr Morgan, who was the firſt promoter of it, and appears, from all accounts, to have been, in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the word, a gentleman and a chriſtian. His piety was as enlightened as it was ardent: and as it may ſafely be preſumed, that he does not now repent of his unwearied aſſiduity and zeal; ſo, we can ſee no reaſon why he ſhould be cenſured for them by others.

"Who blames the ſtripling, for performing more
Than doctors grave, and prelates of three ſcore?
Glad'ning the poor, where'er his ſteps he turn'd,
Where pin'd the orphan, or the widow mourn'd;
Where pris'ners ſigh'd beneath guilt's horrid ſtain,
The worſt confinement and the heavieſt chain!"

From Mr Weſley's firſt journal we learn, that the death of this young gentleman was charged to his and his brother's account; and it was ſaid, that the rigorous abſtinence which, by their advice, he had impoſed on himſelf, had increaſed his illneſs, and haſtened his diſſolution. To vindicate himſelf from this charge, Mr Weſley wrote a long letter to Mr Morgan's father, in which ſome will think he has effectually wiped off the aſperſion, by ſhowing that, in 1730, Mr Morgan had left off faſting about a year and a half; whereas, at that time, Mr Weſley had practiſed it not quite half a year. An elegy on Mr Morgan's death

is among the poems of Mr Samuel Weſley.

In 1731, many reports, concerning Mr John Weſley and his party, having reached his brother at Weſtminſter, a correſpondence took place between them on the ſubject; and in a letter written about this time, is a defence and explanation of their conduct. In one expreſſion, concerning his hair, there is an apparent obſcurity. But this may be obviated, by obſerving, that Mrs Weſley wiſhed him to cut off his hair, which he took particular care of, and wore remarkably long: and an acquaintance of his at Oxford ſays, that he was remarked in the univerſity for appearing with it ſmartly dreſſed and powdered, which at that time was rather uncommon. He has taken notice of this in another letter. "My mother's reaſon for my cutting off my hair is, be-

cauſe ſhe fancies it prejudices my health. As to my looks, it might doubtleſs mend my complexion to have it off, by letting me get a little more colour; and perhaps it might contribute to my making a more genteel appearance. But theſe, till ill health is added to them, I can't perſuade myſelf to be ſufficient grounds for loſing two or three pounds a year. I am ill enough able to ſpare them."

This is undoubtedly a trifling ſubject; but it was neceſſary to mention it, by way of explaining what occurs in the following letter; as it will alſo ſerve to ſhow how conſcientious Mr Weſley was in the ſmalleſt circumſtances. The letter to which we allude, is dated from Lincoln college, November 17. 1731, and is addreſſed to his brother Samuel.

DEAR BROTHER,

Conſidering the changes that I remember in myſelf, I ſhall not at all wonder, if the time comes, when we differ as little in our concluſions, as we now do in our premiſes. In moſt we agree already, eſpecially as to riſing, not keeping much company, and ſitting by a fire; which I always do, if any in the room does, whether at home or abroad. But theſe are the things about which others will never agree with me. Had I given up theſe, or but one of them, riſing early (though I never am ſleepy now) and keeping little company; not one man in ten, of thoſe that are offended with me, as it is, would ever open his mouth againſt any of the other particulars. For the ſake of theſe, thoſe are mentioned. The root of the matter lies here: would

I but employ a third of my money, and half of my time as others do, ſmaller matters would be overlooked. But I think, "nil tanti eſt." As to my hair, I am much more ſure, that what this enables me to do, is according to the Scripture, than I am, that the length of it is contrary to it.

I have often thought of a ſaying of Dr Haywood's, when he examined me for prieſt's orders: "Do you know what you are about? You are bidding defiance to all mankind. He that would live a Chriſtian prieſt, ought, whether his hand be againſt every man or no, to expect that every man's hand ſhould be againſt him." It is not ſtrange, that every man, who is not a Chriſtian, ſhould be againſt him that endeavours to be ſo; but is it not hard, that even thoſe that are with us ſhould be ſo? that a man's

enemies, in ſome degree, ſhould be thoſe of the ſame houſehold of faith? Yet ſo it is: from the time that a man ſets himſelf to this buſineſs, very many even of thoſe that travel the ſame ground, many of thoſe who are before, as well as thoſe behind him, will lay ſtumbling blocks in his way. One blames him for not going faſt enough; another for having made no greater progreſs; another for going too far; which, ſtrange as it is, is the more common charge of the two. For this comes from people of all ſorts; not only infidels, not only half Chriſtians, but ſome of the beſt men are apt to make this reflection; "he lays unneceſſary burthens upon himſelf; he is too preciſe; he does what God has no where required to be done." True: he has no where required it of thoſe who are perfect; and even of thoſe who are not,

all men are not required to uſe all means; but every man is required to uſe thoſe, which he finds moſt uſeful to himſelf. And who can tell better than himſelf, whether he finds them ſo or no? Who knows the things of a man better than the ſpirit of a man, that is in him?

This being a point of no common concern, I deſire to explain myſelf upon it, once for all, and to tell you freely and clearly thoſe general poſitions, on which I think I ground all thoſe practices, for which, as you would have ſeen, had you read that paper through, I am generally accuſed of ſingularity.

1ſt, As to the end of my being, I lay it down for a rule, that I cannot be too happy, or therefore, too holy; and thence I infer, that the more ſteadily I keep my eye upon the prize of my high calling, the better; and the more of my thoughts,

and words, and actions are directly pointed at the attainment of it.

2dly, As to the inſtituted means of attaining it, I likewiſe lay it down for a rule, that I am to uſe them every time that I may.

3dly, As to the prudential means, I believe the rule holds, of things indifferent in themſelves; whatever I know to do me hurt, that to me is not indifferent, but reſolutely to be abſtained from: whatever I know to do me good, that to me is not indifferent, but reſolutely to be embraced.

But it will be ſaid, I am whimſical. True; and what then? If by whimſical be meant ſimply, ſingular, I own it: if ſingular without any reaſon, I deny it with both my hands, and am ready to give a reaſon to any who aſks me, of every cuſtom wherein I differ from the

world. I grant, in many ſingle actions, I differ unreaſonably from others; but not wilfully; no: I ſhall extremely thank any one who will teach me to help it. But can I totally help it, till I have more breeding or prudence? To neither of which I am naturally diſpoſed; and I greatly fear, my acquired ſtock of either will give me ſmall aſſiſtance.

I have now but one thing to add, and that is as to my being formal. If by this be meant, that I am not eaſy and unaffected enough in my carriage, 'tis very true; but how can I help it? I cannot be genteely behaved by inſtinct; and if I am to try after it by experience and obſervation of others, that is not the work of a month, but of years. If by formal be meant, that I am ſerious; this too, is very true: but why ſhould I help it? Mirth, I grant

is fit for you: but does it follow that it is fit for me? Are the ſame tempers, any more than the ſame words and actions fit for all circumſtances? If you are to "rejoice ever more," becauſe you have put your enemies to flight, am I to do the ſame, while they continually aſſault me? You are glad, becauſe you are paſſed from death unto life; well: but let him be afraid, who knows not whether he is to live or die.

Whether this be my condition or no, who can tell better than myſelf? Him that can, whoever he be, I allow to be a proper judge, whether I do well to be generally as ſerious as I am.

J. W.

This letter needs no comment. It ſpeaks for itſelf, and is a lively portrait

of an ardent and ſuſceptible mind, intently fixed upon it's object, and devoted to the purſuit of thoſe things, which to him appeared of the utmoſt importance. We are far from preſuming, that Mr Weſley made no miſtakes, or that he fell into no improprieties of ſentiment or of conduct. But from this and all the other letters we have ſeen, it is evident that, from the firſt beginnings of Methodiſm, he was a man of ſingular integrity; and that the early imputations of fineſſe and ſelfiſhneſs were falſe and unfounded calumnies.

Some time after Mr Weſley's ordination, he aſſiſted his father at Epworth, though we ſuppoſe he could only do it occaſionally, as he ſeems to have reſided chiefly at the univerſity. The old gentleman, finding himſelf upon the decline,

and anxious that the living ſhould remain in the family, wrote to his ſon, intreating him to make intereſt for the next preſentation. The wiſhes of the people, the intereſt of the family, and we may add, it's very exiſtence ſeemed to depend upon his acquieſcence in this propoſal. But it could not be brought about. He had conceived an invincible attachment to Oxford, and had formed, from his friends and advantages there, ſuch expectations of religious improvement, as rendered him unalterably determined not to comply with their requeſt.

This refuſal was followed by ſeveral letters from the parties concerned. We ſubjoin an extract of the firſt of theſe, which is from Mr Weſley's father, dated November 20. 1734.

" Your ſtate of the queſtion, and only argument is this; ' not whether I could

do more good to others, there or here; but whether I could do more good to myſelf: ſeeing wherever I can be moſt holy myſelf, there I can moſt promote holineſs in others. But I can improve myſelf more at Oxford than at any other place.'

"To this I anſwer, firſt, it is not dear ſelf, but the glory of God, and the different degrees of promoting it, which ſhould be our main conſideration and direction in the choice of any courſe of life. Witneſs St. Paul and Moſes.— 2. Suppoſe you could be more holy yourſelf at Oxford, how does it follow, that you could promote holineſs more in others there than elſewhere? Have you found many inſtances of it, after ſo many years hard pains and labour? Further: I dare ſay, you are more modeſt and juſt, than to think there are no holier men than

you at Oxford: and yet it is poſſible they may not have promoted holineſs more than you have done; as I doubt not, but you might have done it much more, had you taken the right method; for there is a particular turn of mind for theſe matters; great prudence as well as fervour.

3. I cannot allow auſterity or faſting, conſidered in themſelves, to be proper acts of holineſs; nor am I for a ſolitary life. God made us for a ſocial life. We muſt not bury our talent. We are to let our light ſhine before men; and that, not barely through the chinks of a buſhel, for fear the wind ſhould blow it out. The deſign of lighting it was, that it might give light to all that went into the houſe of God: and to this academical ſtudies are only preparatory.

4. You are ſenſible what figures thoſe make, who ſtay in the univerſity till they are ſuperannuated. I cannot think drowſineſs promotes holineſs. How commonly do they drone away their life, either in a college, or a country parſonage, where they can only give God the ſnuffs of them; having nothing of life or vigour left, to make them uſeful in the world.

5. We are not to fix our eye on one ſingle point of duty; but to take in the complicated view of all the circumſtances in every ſtate of life that offers. Thus, in the caſe before us, put all the circumſtances together. If you are not indifferent whether the labours of an aged father for above forty years, in God's vineyard, be loſt, and the fence of it trodden down and deſtroyed; if you conſider that Mr M—— muſt in all

probability ſucceed me, if you do not; and that the proſpect of that mighty Nimrod's coming hither, ſhocks my ſoul, and is in a fair way of bringing down my grey hairs with ſorrow to the grave; if you have any care for our family, which muſt be diſmally ſhattered, as ſoon as I am dropt; if you reflect on the dear love and longing of this poor people for you, whereby you will be enabled to do God the more ſervice, and the plenteouſneſs of the harveſt, conſiſting of near two thouſand ſouls, whereas you have not many more ſcholars in the univerſity, you may perhaps alter your will, and bend your mind to him, who has promiſed, "if in all our ways we acknowledge him, he will direct our paths."

This pathetic letter was followed by another from his ſon Samuel. His bro-

ther's chief objection was, as we have ſeen already, that he could not leave Oxford, upon the principle of doing good, becauſe he was convinced, that where he could reap the moſt benefit himſelf, he could more effectually promote the good of others. But, ſays he, "I am equally aſſured there is no place under heaven, ſo fit for my improvement as Oxford."

A paſſage in Samuel's letter, where he contraſts his own obedience to his father's injunctions, with the inflexible behaviour of his brother, gives a ſtriking view of the opinion he had of his reſolute and determined ſpirit. The expreſſions are very remarkable. "After this declaration, I believe no one can move your mind, but him that made it: much leſs do I think myſelf qualified for that purpoſe.

"You may ſay, I have been too paſſive. I left Oxford, with all the opportunity of doing good, on a worldly account, at my father's deſire. I left my laſt ſettlement, by the ſame determination; and I ſhould have thought I ſinned both times, if I had not followed it.

"You are not at liberty to reſolve againſt undertaking a cure of ſouls. You are ſolemnly engaged to do it, before God, and his high prieſt, and his church. Are you not ordained? Did you not deliberately and openly promiſe to inſtruct, to admoniſh, to exhort thoſe committed to your charge? Did you equivocate then, with ſo vile a reſervation, as to propoſe in your heart, that you would never have any ſo committed? 'Tis not an univerſity; 'tis not a college; 'tis the order of the church according to which you were called. Let Charles, if

he is ſilly enough, vow never to leave Oxford, and therefore avoid orders. Your faith is already plighted to the contrary. You have put your hand to the plough; to that plough!

"I mention no leſs conſiderations, but reſtrain myſelf; though not a little ſurpriſed, that you ſeem to hint what never before entered the head of a Chriſtian, that a pariſh prieſt cannot attain to the higheſt poſſible perfection on this ſide heaven."

Mr Weſley's reply to theſe letters is addreſſed to his father, and contains ſo extenſive a view of the ſubject, and ſo clear a detail of ſome of the moſt ſingular of his opinions, that it is with regret we omit it's inſertion. But as it would take up too much room in theſe memoirs, we muſt endeavour to extract the ſubſtance of the arguments; referring the

reader, who may wiſh for more accurate information, to the third Journal, page 29 to 37 of the fifth edition, printed in 1775. It is however to be obſerved, that the letter publiſhed in that Journal, is only an abridgement of the original, and ſuch an abridgement as has conſiderably defaced it, by the omiſſion of ſome of it's moſt nervous and pointed expreſſions.

After allowing, in the beginning of the letter his father's poſition, "that the glory of God, and the different ways of promoting it, are to be our ſole conſideration and direction in the choice of any courſe of life," he obſerves "that courſe of life tends moſt to the glory of God, in which we can moſt promote holineſs in ourſelves and others;" and lays it down as incontrovertible, that "whatever ſtate is beſt for an individual, muſt

be beſt for thoſe who are to be inſtruct-ed by him."

He then goes on to ſhow, that Oxford muſt be beſt for him, and conduce moſt to his improvement, becauſe there he enjoyed the converſation of his ſelect friends, retirement, freedom from care and from unprofitable company, beſide the advantages of public prayers twice a day, and weekly communion. Speak-ing of retirement, he introduces a reflec-tion, which, were it not evident that he is perfectly ſerious, might be conſidered as a ſtroke of humour. "I have not only as much, but as little company as I pleaſe. I have no ſuch thing as a trifling viſit-ant, except about an hour in a month, when I invite SOME OF THE FELLOWS to breakfaſt. Unleſs at that one time, no one ever takes it into his head to ſet foot within my door, except he has ſome bu-

ſineſs of importance to communicate to me, or I to him. And then, as ſoon as he has diſpatched his buſineſs, he immediately takes his leave."

Without his preſent advantages, he contends, that it would not be poſſible for him to guard 'for one month' againſt intemperance in eating, drinking, and ſleeping; againſt irregularity in ſtudy; againſt lukewarmneſs in his affections and remiſſneſs in his actions; and againſt ſoftneſs and ſelf-indulgence, which he inſiſts, is "directly oppoſite to that diſcipline and hardſhip which become a ſoldier of Jeſus Chriſt." From theſe conſiderations he ſuppoſes, that was he otherwiſe circumſtanced, he muſt become "an eaſy prey to any impertinent company, to the cares of the world and the deſire of other things, which would then roll back upon him with a full tide:" and

he therefore concludes, that his reſidence at Oxford was of abſolute neceſſity and importance, and with him, related not merely to "the degrees of perfection, but to the very eſſence and exiſtence" of his religious character;

Agitur de vitâ et ſanguine Turni.

"The point is, whether I ſhall, or ſhall not work out my ſalvation; whether I ſhall ſerve Chriſt or Belial."

From theſe obſervations, with regard to himſelf, he proceeds to an acknowledgment, that "God has made us for a ſocial life, to which academical ſtudies are only preparatory;" and adds, that "there is not ſo contemptible an animal upon earth, as one that drones away life, without ever labouring to promote the glory of God and the good of man; that a ſuperlative degree of contempt is, on all accounts, due to a college-drone; a

wretch that hath received ten talents, and employs none; that is not only promiſed a reward by his gracious Maſter, but is paid before hand for his work by his generous founder, and yet works not at all; and that it is impoſſible to ſay enough againſt the drowſy ingratitude, the lazy perjury of thoſe, who are called harmleſs or good ſort of men, a fair proportion of whom I muſt to our ſhame confeſs, are to be found in colleges."

He does not however conclude his philippic without putting in an exception. "This will not conclude againſt a college life in general. For the abuſe does not deſtroy the uſe. Though there are ſome here, who are the lumber of the creation, it does not follow, that others may not be of more ſervice to the world in this ſtation, than they could in any other." Among other inſtances, he ſup-

poſes it may be ſo with himſelf; for, ſays he, "I can be holier here than any where elſe, if I faithfully uſe the bleſſings I enjoy. And to prove, that the holier any man is himſelf, the more he will promote holineſs in others, there needs no more than this one poſtulatum; "the help which is done upon earth, God doth it himſelf." If ſo; if God be the ſole agent in healing ſouls, and man only the inſtrument in his hand, there can no doubt be made, that the more holy a man is, he will make uſe of him the more, becauſe he is more willing to be uſed; becauſe, the more pure he is, he is the fitter inſtrument for the God of purity; becauſe he will pray more, and more earneſtly, that he may be employed, and that his ſervice may tend to his Maſter's glory; becauſe all his prayers, for employment and ſucceſs therein, will

more ſeverely pierce the clouds; becauſe, the more his heart is enlarged, the wider ſphere he may act in without diſtraction; and laſtly, becauſe the more his heart is renewed in the image of God, the more God can renew it in others by him, without deſtroying him by pride or vanity."

Among other arguments, for which he concluded, that he ought to remain at Oxford, he adds what he calls "the plenteouſneſs of the harveſt;" or, in other words, the opportunity he had of doing good. "Here, ſays he, are poor families to be relieved; children to be educated; work-houſes, in which both old and young want, and gladly receive the word of exhortation. Here are priſons to be viſited, wherein alone is a complication of all human wants: and laſtly, here are the ſchools of the prophets. Here

are tender minds to be formed and ſtrengthened; babes in Chriſt to be inſtructed and perfected in all uſeful learning. Of theſe in particular we muſt obſerve, that he who gains only one, does thereby as much ſervice to the world as he could do in a pariſh in his whole life; for his name is legion; in him are contained all thoſe who ſhall be converted by him. He is not a ſingle drop of the dew of heaven, but a river, to make glad the city of God."

The argument employed by his father, when he tells him that Epworth was a "a large ſphere of action, where he would have the charge of two thouſand ſouls," he turns to his own purpoſe. "Two thouſand ſouls! I ſee not how any man living can take care of one hundred; at leaſt I could not; I know too well, 'quid valeant humeri.' Becauſe the weight I

have already upon me is almoſt more than I am able to bear, ought I to increaſe it tenfold?

——————— "imponere Pelio Oſſam
Scilicet, atq. Oſſæ frondoſum involvere Olympum."

To an objection, urged againſt his reſidence at Oxford, taken from the contempt and diſlike, which he had acquired from his ſingularities, he gives an anſwer, that will ſurpriſe thoſe who are not well acquainted with his manner of thinking on this ſubject. He not only denies that honour and reputation are neceſſary to uſefulneſs in the world, but contends, that every "true Chriſtian will be contemned; that till he is ſo, no man is in a ſtate of ſalvation; and that contempt is abſolutely neceſſary to his doing his full meaſure of good in the world." To eſtabliſh theſe poſitions, he adduces the example of Chriſt and his apoſtles,

who were deſpiſed by wicked men; and quotes theſe expreſſions of our Lord, "the ſervant is not greater than his lord. If they have perſecuted me, they will alſo perſecute you. Becauſe ye are not of the world, therefore the world hateth you."

He concludes the whole in the following language, as animated as any we remember to have ſeen from his pen. "Where then is the ſcribe? where is the diſputer of this world? where is the replier againſt God, with his ſage maxims, he that is deſpiſed, can do no good in the world. To be uſeful, a man muſt be eſteemed. To advance the glory of God, you muſt have a fair reputation.' Saith the world ſo? But what ſaith the Scripture? Why, that God hath laughed the heathen tongues of wiſdom to ſcorn. It ſaith, that twelve deſpiſed followers of a deſpiſed maſter, all of whom

were of no reputation, who were eſteemed as the filth and offſcouring of the world, did more good in it, than all the tribes of Iſrael. It ſaith, that the deſpiſed Maſter of theſe deſpiſed followers left a ſtanding direction to us and our children, 'bleſſed are ye,' not accurſed with the heavy curſe of doing no good, of being uſeleſs in the world; 'when men ſhall revile you and perſecute you, and ſay all manner of evil of you falſely, for my name's ſake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven.'

"Theſe are part of my reaſons for chuſing to abide, till I am better informed, in the ſtation wherein God has placed me. As for the flock committed to your care, whom, for many years, you have diligently fed 'with the ſincere milk of the word,' I truſt in God your labour ſhall not be in vain, either to your-

ſelf or them. Many of them the Great Shepherd has, by your hand delivered from the hand of the deſtroyer; ſome of whom are already entered into peace, and ſome remain unto this day. For yourſelf, I doubt not, but when your 'warfare is accompliſhed,' when you are 'made perfect through ſufferings,' you ſhall come to your grave, not with ſorrow, but as a ſhock of corn, full of years and victories; and he that took care of the poor ſheep before you was born, will not forget them when you are dead."

The reply to this is by Samuel Weſley, junior, and dated Devon, February 8. 1734-5.

"Your friends, retirement, frequent ordinances, and freedom from care, are great bleſſings. All, except the laſt, you may expect in a lower degree elſewhere. Sure all your labours are not come to

this, that more is abſolutely neceſſary for you, for the very being of your Chriſtian life, than for the ſalvation of all the pariſh prieſts in England! 'Tis very ſtrange!

" To the queſtion, 'what good have you done at Oxford,' you are not careful to anſwer; how comes it then, you are ſo careful about the good you might do at Epworth? 'The help that is done on earth, he doth it himſelf,' is a full ſolution of that terrible difficulty.

" The impoſſibility of return, the certainty of being diſliked by them that now cry you up, and the ſmall comparative good my father has done, are good prudential reaſons; but, I think, can hardly extend to conſcience. You 'can leave Oxford when you will.' Not ſurely to ſuch advantage. 'You have a probability of doing good there.' Will that

good be wholly undone, if you leave it? Why ſhould you not leaven another lump?

"What you ſay of contempt is nothing to the purpoſe; for, if you will go to Epworth, I'll anſwer for it, you ſhall, in a competent time, be deſpiſed as much as your heart can wiſh. In your doctrine, you argue from a particular to a general. To be uſeful, a man muſt be eſteemed, is as certain as any propoſition in Euclid; and I defy all mankind to produce one inſtance of directly doing ſpiritual good without it, in the whole book of God.

"You join to contempt, hatred and envy. But the firſt is very hardly conſiſtent, the latter utterly incompatible with it; ſince none can envy another, but for ſomething he eſteems.

"God, who provided for the flock

before, will do it after my father's death." May he not ſuffer them to be what they once were, almoſt heathens? And may not this be prevented by your miniſtry?

"It could never enter into my head, that you could refuſe on any other ground, than a general reſolution againſt a cure of ſouls. I ſhall give no poſitive reaſon for it, till my firſt is anſwered. The order of the church ſtakes you down; and the more you ſtruggle, will hold the faſter. If there be ſuch a thing as truth, I inſiſt upon it, you muſt, when opportunity offers, either perform that promiſe, or repent of it: utrum mavis?"

This letter was anſwered as follows, on the 15th of the ſame month.

"Neither you nor I have any time to ſpare; ſo I muſt be as ſhort as I can.

"There are two queſtions between

us, one relating to being good; the other to doing good. With regard to the former, you allow I enjoy more of friends, retirement, freedom from care, and divine ordinances than I could elſewhere; and I add, 1. I feel this to be but juſt enough. 2. I have always found leſs than this to be too little for me; and therefore, whatever others do, I could not throw up any part of it, without manifeſt hazard to my ſalvation.

"As to the latter, I am not careful to anſwer what good I have done at Oxford, becauſe I cannot think of it, without the utmoſt danger. I *am* careful about what good I may do at Epworth, firſt, becauſe I can think of it without any danger at all; and ſecondly, becauſe, as matters now ſtand, I cannot avoid thinking of it without ſin.

"Another can ſupply my place at Epworth, better than at Oxford: and the good done here is of a far more diffuſive nature. It is a more extenſive benefit, to ſweeten the fountain, than to do the ſame to particular ſtreams.

"To the objection, 'you are deſpiſed at Oxford, therefore you can do no good there, I anſwer; firſt, a Chriſtian will be deſpiſed any where; ſecondly, no one is a Chriſtian, till he is deſpiſed; thirdly, his being deſpiſed will not hinder his doing good, but much further it, by making him a better Chriſtian. Without contradicting any of theſe propoſitions, I allow, that every one, to whom you do good directly, muſt eſteem you firſt or laſt. N. B. A man may deſpiſe you for one thing; hate you for a ſecond; and envy you for a third.

"God may ſuffer Epworth to be worſe than before." But I may not prevent it, without hazard to my own ſoul.

"Your laſt argument is ignoratio elenchi, or implies theſe two propoſitions; firſt, "you revolt againſt any parochial cure of ſouls;" ſecondly, "the prieſt who does not undertake the firſt parochial cure that offers, is perjured." Let us add a third; "the tutor who, being in orders, never accepts a pariſh, is perjured:" and then I deny all three."

The following anſwer is without a date, but we may ſuppoſe it was returned immediately.

"You ſay, 'you have but juſt enough.' Had ever man on earth more? 'You have experienced leſs to be inſufficient.' Not in the courſe of the prieſthood, to which you are called. In that way I am

perſuaded, though 'he that gathereth much hath nothing over; yet he that gathereth little, hath no lack.'

'There is danger in thinking of the good you have done; but not of what you may.' Vain glory lies both ways. But the latter was your duty; ſo was the former; unleſs you can compare two things, without thinking of one of them.

'The good at Oxford is more diffuſive.' 'Tis not that good you have promiſed. You deceive yourſelf, if you imagine you do not think of what you have done. 'Your want may be better ſupplied at Epworth.' Not if my father is right in his ſucceſſions.

'A Chriſtian will be deſpiſed every where. No one is a Chriſtian till he is ſo. It will further his doing good.' If univerſal propoſitions, I deny them all. Eſteem goes before the good done, as

well as follows after it. 'A man may both deſpiſe and envy.' True. He may have both a hot and cold fit of ague. Contempt in general is no more compatible with, than neceſſary to benefiting others.

"I ſaid plainly, I thought you had made a general reſolution. As to taking the firſt offer, I ſuppoſed an opportunity, a proper one; and now declare my judgment, ſhould you live ever ſo long, in the ordinary courſe of providence, you can never meet another ſo proper.

'An ordained tutor, who accepts not a cure is perjured.' Alter the term into, 'who reſolves not to accept,' and I'll maintain it, unleſs you can prove either of theſe two; firſt, 'there is no obligation at taking orders;" ſecondly, 'this obligation is diſpenſed with:' both which I utterly deny."

Such was the controverſy on this important occaſion. We do not ſcruple to call it important; for ſuch it certainly was; and ſuch muſt be every queſtion, on the reſult of which ſhall depend the choice of that ſituation, which is to give it's colour to every future circumſtance of life.

In one reſpect, the diſputants ſeem to have been well ſuited to each other. There was on both ſides the ſtricteſt probity, and the moſt unequivocal integrity: and it is obvious, that the conduct of Mr John Weſley was perfectly diſintereſted. At leaſt it was decidedly free from any bias on the ſide of worldly intereſt. The rectory of Epworth muſt have been a ſituation full as reſpectable as a fellowſhip at Lincoln; and in all probability, conſidering the ſtrict diſcipline of Mr Weſley, and the comparatively ſmall

number of pupils he had under his tuition, more advantageous. Of the labour in either caſe, we ſhall ſay nothing. Whatever had been his ſituation, it would have made no difference with him. Such was the activity of his mind, and ſuch his views of the neceſſity of laborious uſefulneſs, that, whether he had accepted of a living, or retained his fellowſhip, he would equally have appeared, as he was for more than ſixty years, the moſt diligent and induſtrious of mankind.

This conceſſion, which the fulleſt conviction of his integrity has extorted, lays us under no neceſſity of entirely approving his conduct, or of adjudging him the victory in this debate. The judgment of moſt of our readers, will give the right ſide of the argument to the elder Mr Weſleys: and there are ſeveral reaſons to incline us to the ſame opi-

nion. The injunctions of a venerable, declining parent, the welfare of a numerous and dependent family, and the unanimous concurrence of a whole pariſh, are conſiderations of ſuch moment, as to leave us no difficulty in ſuppoſing, that their voice was the voice of God. And on a review of his objections, we cannot help thinking, that ſeveral of theſe were frivolous, and imaginary; that his religion had in it too much buſtle and buſineſs, with too deep a tincture of auſterity; that, in ſome inſtances, he impoſed, both on himſelf and others, a yoke not impoſed in the Scriptures, and which human nature is little calculated to ſupport; and that he conceived many things to be neceſſary, which we greatly doubt whether they were ſo, even in his caſe; but are certainly not neceſſary to mankind in general.

One exception we muſt make in his favour. Tho' we think it not in human nature to deſpiſe a good man, we are perſuaded that there is, in all countries, a deſcription of men, ſo naturally and ſo univerſally wicked and corrupt, as to have conceived an invincible averſion to every thing that is good. Perhaps we may go a ſtep farther. They hate it as much, becauſe it is good, as becauſe it is contrary to their own character and purſuits: and like the Athenian, who was out of all patience with hearing ſo much of Ariſtides the Juſt, they are ever ready to ſhow their malignity againſt ſuperior merit. But we hope, for the credit of humanity, that this is not deſcriptive of a general character.

With this exception, we take the liberty of entering our caveat againſt one material part of Mr Weſley's argument.

His reaſonings on the ſuppoſition, that contempt is neceſſary to ſucceſs in the miniſtry, though ably and ingeniouſly ſupported, will ſcarcely be aſſented to. It appears indeed ſo contrary to nature and feeling, and is ſo evidently oppoſed by reaſon and obſervation, that we know not how to admit it. From the hiſtory of our Saviour and the Apoſtles, it does not appear that their chief uſefulneſs was in thoſe places where they were deſpiſed and oppoſed, but on the contrary, where they were moſt eſteemed and careſſed. The contempt which St. Paul found among the Jews, was the reaſon of his departure to the Gentiles: and we find it particularly noticed of one city, that our Lord could not do "many mighty works there, becauſe of their unbelief." What is there underſtood by unbelief is

obvious. They rejected his miſſion, and treated him with contempt.

Another circumſtance to be obſerved is, that Mr Weſley, as his brother takes notice, argues from a particular to a general. Becauſe the Jews, in the infancy of Chriſtianity, hated Jeſus Chriſt and his Apoſtles; and becauſe he had predicted, that they ſhould be expoſed in the courſe of their miniſtry to much perſecution, he thence infers that, in the more advanced ſtages of Chriſtianity, the ſame prejudices ſhould remain, and every Chriſtian be hated and deſpiſed by the majority of mankind. But it is by no means clear to us, that this reaſoning will ſtand the teſt. It has been contradicted, in thouſands of inſtances, by matter of fact. Many have there been in all ages of the moſt excellent characters, who not only did not ſuffer averſion and contempt,

but were univerſally beloved and eſteemed. We give Addiſon as an example.

The caſe of the Apoſtles was peculiar. The downfal of ſuperſtitions almoſt coeval with the world, the deſtruction of polytheiſm, and the extirpation of a religion, which the laxity, as well as abſurdity of it's principles, and the impurities which it not only tolerated, but enjoined, had rendered peculiarly pleaſing to the depraved and vicious taſte of it's votaries, were the avowed objects of their miſſion: ſo that the oppoſition they had to contend with, might naturally be expected. We admit particular exceptions. There may be exempt caſes and peculiar occaſions, when good men are not treated as they deſerve. But in the preſent ſtate of the world, we need not ſcruple to ſay, that where ſuch perſons meet with decided and general oppoſition, the fault muſt in a great

meaſure originate with themſelves. There is a want of prudence or abilities, or ſome defect in their judgment or deportment, which has a tendency to create diſlike, and to fruſtrate their good intentions. We ſay this with the more confidence, as we ſpeak from obſervation; having often heard ſentiments from the pulpit, diſguſtingly abſurd and indefenſible; and having been witneſſes to improprieties and extravagancies in religious characters, which, though they did not amount to immorality, could not fail of the effect we have juſt mentioned.

It may be remarked, by the way, that there has been of late much falſe reaſoning on theſe ſubjects, from an idea, that there muſt be an exact parallel between Chriſtians of the preſent and apoſtolic age, and between the miniſters of every ſubſequent period, and the apoſtles them-

ſelves. An idea, than which nothing can be more abſurd. We might as well ſay, that every Chriſtian miniſter muſt be as capable as they were of healing the ſick or of raiſing the dead! That we ought to be as pious as the primitive Chriſtians, and the preſent miniſters of religion as anxious for the ſalvation of mankind as the apoſtles were, is indiſputably true: but we deny, that ſimilar piety muſt be neceſſarily productive of ſimilar perſecution. To ſuppoſe this, were to ſuppoſe, that to this moment, Chriſtianity has done nothing for mankind; that the increaſe of religion does not check the ſpirit of intolerance and perſecution; and that the world is, in this age, as corrupt and flagitious, as illiberal and uninformed as in the earlieſt ages. All which is abſolutely falſe. Religious reformation, and the progreſs of

learning and ſcience have long been in a certain degree proportioned to each other. The improvements in the arts of peace; the numerous inſtitutions in almoſt all countries, for humane and charitable purpoſes; the more liberal manner in which war is conducted; with the comparatively ſmall number who now fall a ſacrifice to the thirſt of power and the ambition of princes, are full and unequivocal demonſtrations of the mild and pacific influence of the religion of Jeſus.

This is not all. The judgment of any candid and diſpaſſionate enquirer will at once decide upon theſe paradoxical poſitions; "to be uſeful, you muſt be deſpiſed. The being contemned is abſolutely neceſſary to a Chriſtian's doing his full meaſure of good in the world." How ſo? Do men then go for inſtruction to thoſe they deſpiſe? Are we diſpoſed to

ſubmit to the deciſions of thoſe, whoſe principles we abhor, and whoſe talents we hold in contempt? It is impoſſible. We muſt of neceſſity eſteem a man who is uſeful to us; and the eſteem muſt be prior to the uſefulneſs. That "God will employ thoſe moſt, who are fitteſt to be employed; that thoſe are fitteſt, who are moſt holy; and that, as contempt is a glorious means of advancing holineſs, God will moſt employ thoſe who are moſt deſpiſed," is an argument that reminds us of the famous deduction of Themiſtocles, by which he proved, that his little boy governed the world. The failure of one link deſtroys the chain. Should it even be granted, that contempt may advance holineſs, which will require ſome proof (for we have no great idea of "Beelzebub caſting out Beelzebub") we are yet to re-

member, that a man may be ſufficiently in contempt, without the leaſt capacity for public uſefulneſs: and *that* contempt is no ſmall preſumption againſt him. And though it ſhould be granted, that a bad man may hate his more excellent neighbour for his piety and his excellencies, it is not in his power to deſpiſe him. Hatred and contempt are ſcarcely conſiſtent. Contempt and envy are totally incompatible. Nor does it at all mend the matter, to ſay, that "a man may deſpiſe you for one thing, hate you for a ſecond, and envy you for a third." We are now conſidering this deſpiſed perſon in one ſimple point of view, as a real Chriſtian: and in this view, it is not poſſible that theſe contrary paſſions ſhould be exerciſed upon the ſame object.

We have already hinted another objection, that ſtruck us very forcibly;

and that is, that Mr Weſley was perhaps too poſitive, and depended too much on his own judgment. His father ſeems to have entertained the ſame idea, where he hints the neceſſity of "bending his mind to the will of God." When a man's own opinion is contrary to that of ſeveral of the moſt ſenſible people in the nation; when theſe perſons are his neareſt relations; and when their judgment ſo clearly concurs with the voice of a whole pariſh, it ſeems not improper to conclude, that there is in it ſomething providential, and that he ought to doubt his own judgment, and to ſuſpend his determinations.

And what friend of Mr Weſley's is there, ſo bigoted as to ſay, he could not be miſtaken? It is very poſſible, he might conceive ſome things to be materially hurtful, which were not ſo dangerous as he apprehended; and that he

might ſuppoſe his ſalvation abſolutely to depend upon the ſociety, and other advantages he enjoyed at Oxford, when in reality it was not ſo. Add to this, that his reaſonings on this ſubject ſeem to argue too much confidence in outward means, and too little in the grace of God: as if it were impoſſible he ſhould be kept from evil in the ſame circumſtances as other men; and as if (to uſe the language of his brother) 'more were neceſſary to the very exiſtence of his chriſtian life, than to the ſalvation of every other clergyman in the kingdom." Strange indeed!

Thus, with the freedom of hiſtory, but without any intention of offence, have we hazarded our opinion on this occaſion. And though we differ, and preſume that moſt people will differ from Mr Weſley, and conceive that he ſaw

great difficulties, where in reality there were none but what his own imagination had created, it is impoſſible not to admire and give him the full credit of his conſcientiouſneſs and integrity. Perhaps in this caſe his judgment was erroneous and his reaſonings inconcluſive; but it muſt at leaſt be granted, that, as the ſubject preſented itſelf to his mind, he could not, with a good conſcience, have acted otherwiſe than he did.

CHAP. VI.

Of his Mission to America.

WHEN we firſt became acquainted with the ſubject of this chapter, it was not without ſome ſurpriſe. Having ſeen in how determined a manner Mr Weſley had oppoſed himſelf to the ſolicitations of his friends, with regard to Epworth, we naturally expected, that nothing leſs than ſtern neceſſity could have induced him to quit his beloved retirement. The contrary however was the fact. In one of his excurſions to London, he met with a gentleman (Dr Burton) who was one of the truſtees for the new colony at Georgia;

and was induced, by his ſolicitations, though with ſome reluctance, to give up his pupils, and to leave his native country.

Not long after the correſpondence we have ſo particularly conſidered, we find him embarked. On the 14th of October 1735, accompanied by a Mr Ingham of Queen's College, Mr Delamotte, ſon of a merchant in London, and his brother Charles, he went on board the Simmonds, off Graveſend, bound for Georgia. In the ſame ſhip was Mr Oglethorpe, who was afterwards a general officer, and died a few years ago at a very advanced age. Mr Weſley's chief object was the miſſion to the Indians, whom, however, from the troubles that prevailed on the continent, he had little opportunity of inſtructing.

While the ſhip remained in the river,

he wrote to his brother Samuel, informing him, that he had preſented his father's Comment on Job to the Queen, who rewarded him with many ſmiles and good words. In this letter he greatly objects to the uſual mode of education; finds fault with many of the claſſics, eſpecially Ovid, Virgil, and Terence's Eunuch, as being calculated to inflame the ſenſual appetites, and to cheriſh the love of grandeur and ambition; and as totally contrary to that purity of heart, which, he obſerves, is much more important than elegance of ſtyle. He tells him, that he, as well as himſelf, was called to the converſion of heathens; that his ſcholars were ſo many ſouls committed to his care, to prepare them for eternity; and that he therefore conjured him to baniſh the claſſics, with their poiſon, from his ſchool, and introduce, inſtead of them, ſuch chriſti-

an authors as would work, together with him, in "building up his flock in the knowledge and love of God."

Here again we are conſtrained to enter our diſſent; having no idea that the languages can be taught with any propriety, or to any degree of perfection, but by the claſſics. But in this inſtance, his opinion in 1735 and in 1777 was exactly contradictory. In the ſecond volume of the Arminian Magazine, is a letter from a clergyman, who aſks whether a religious ſchoolmaſter may uſe the claſſics in his ſchool; and he anſwers, "doubtleſs he may." We cite this as one proof, among others, that, in the latter part of life, he was leſs rigid than in his youth.

On Friday, the 17th of October, the ſhip being ſtill in the river, he preached without notes, and adminiſtered the ſacrament on the quarter deck. The firſt

time of his preaching in this manner was accidental. He had gone to Allhallows', in London, to hear Dr Heylin, who, at that time, was much followed. The Doctor not coming, Mr Weſley was requeſted to ſupply his place; and having no notes about him, he preached extempore.

By heavy gales and contrary winds, he was detained ſome time in the channel, and did not get out to ſea till the 10th of December. Among the paſſengers were twenty-ſix Germans, who were going to ſettle in America: and here commenced his acquaintance with the Moravian brethren, which he cultivated for ſome time with great aſſiduity. He gives them an excellent character, and particularly commends their humble and chriſtian deportment during the paſſage, and their calm and reſolute

behaviour in the moment of danger.

Nitchman, the Moravian biſhop, began to learn Engliſh, Mr Weſley German, and Mr Delamotte Greek. Mr Charles Weſley wrote ſermons, and Mr Ingham inſtructed the children. To ſhew Mr Weſley's love of diſcipline, and and his fondneſs for doing every thing by rule, it will not be amiſs to tranſcribe his account of the manner in which they ſpent the day. "We now began to be a little regular. From four in the morning till five, each of us uſed private prayer. From five to ſeven we read the Bible together, carefully comparing it (that we might not lean to our own underſtandings) with the writings of the earlieſt ages. At ſeven we breakfaſted; at eight were the public prayers. From nine to twelve, learnt the languages, and inſtructed the children. At twelve we

met, to give an account to one another what we had done ſince our laſt meeting, and what we deſigned to do before our next. At one we dined. The time from dinner to four we ſpent in reading to thoſe, of whom each of us had taken charge, or in ſpeaking to them ſeverally, as need required. At four were the evening prayers; when either the ſecond leſſon was explained (as it always was in the morning) or the children were catechiſed and inſtructed before the congregation. From five to ſix we again uſed private prayer. From ſix to ſeven I read in our cabin to two or three of the paſſengers, of whom there were about eighty Engliſh on board, and each of my brethren to a few more in theirs. At ſeven I joined with the Germans in their public ſervice; while Mr Ingham was reading between the decks, to as many as

deſired to hear. At eight we met again, to inſtruct and exhort one another. Between nine and ten we went to bed, where neither the roaring of the ſea, nor the motion of the ſhip, could take away the refreſhing ſleep which God gave us."

None can ſay that the time was not well filled up. But we doubt whether ſo unremiting an attention and ſuch a multiplicity of buſineſs is not too much for the human mind. We remember the obſervation "neque ſemper arcum tendit Apollo." If the bow be not ſometimes unſtrung, it will ſoon loſe it's elaſticity. We ſuſpect too, that rough weather, and the various changes incident to a paſſage by ſea, muſt frequently have interrupted this œconomy.

On Thurſday, the 15th of January, *1736*, ſeveral were much exaſperated

with Mr Weſley, for having complained to Mr Oglethorpe of the unequal diſtribution of water, which was put into better hands. From the 17th to the 25th they had violent ſtorms; the ſea going frequently over the ſhip, and breaking through the cabin windows. He obſerves that the "Engliſh were exceedingly frightened, while the Germans, men, women, and children were perfectly calm," which he aſcribes to the power of religion. From the Germans, ſays he, "I went to their trembling neighbours, and pointed out the difference in the hour of trial, between him that ſerveth God, and him that ſerveth him not."

On the 29th they fell in with the ſkirts of a hurricane, which however did no damage; on the 4th of February they ſaw land; and on the 6th, after a ſtor-

my paſſage, firſt ſet foot on ſhore, on a ſmall uninhabited iſland, near Tybee, where they kneeled down and returned God thanks. Mr Oglethorpe immediately ſet off for Savannah.

During this paſſage it was that Mr Weſley, "judging it might be helpful" to him, diſcontinued the uſe of fleſh and wine, and confined himſelf to vegetables, chiefly rice and biſket. He alſo left off eating ſuppers; and his bed having been wet by the ſea, he lay upon the floor, and ſlept ſound till morning. He adds, "I believe, I ſhall not find it needful to go to bed, as it is called, any more."

While the ſhip lay off Tybee, ſeveral Indians came on board, ſhook hands, and welcomed them to America. They expreſſed a deſire to be inſtructed, as ſoon as they were at liberty from the confuſions of war; but added, "we

would not be made chriſtians as the Spaniards make chriſtians; we would be taught before we are baptized. "It is ſubmitted to the judicious reader, how far Mr Weſley's reply to theſe Indians was juſt and ſeaſonable. "There is but one, he that ſitteth in heaven, who is able to teach man wiſdom. Though we are come ſo far, we know not whether he will pleaſe to teach you by us or no. If he teaches you, you will learn wiſdom; but we can do nothing." He deſcribes them as being tall, well proportioned men, with a remarkable ſoftneſs in their ſpeech, and gentleneſs in their whole behaviour. From the converſations he and other Europeans had with the Indians, it appears that their notions of religion were very crude and imperfect; that they had ſome idea of the interpoſition of inviſible beings, in the govern-

ment of the world; and ſome notion of the morality or immorality of certain actions. They thought it fooliſh in white men to build great houſes, as if they were to live for ever; and condemned that practice, ſo common among the ſavages, of taking medicines to procure abortion.

At Savannah Mr Weſley became acquainted with Mr Spangenberg and other Germans, and attended at the conſecration of a biſhop; when he tells us, that the ſimplicity and ſolemnity of the occaſion made him almoſt forget the ſeventeen hundred years between, and imagine himſelf in one of thoſe aſſemblies, 'where form and ſtate were not; but Paul, the tentmaker, or Peter, the fiſherman, preſided; yet with the demonſtration of the ſpirit and with power.'

By the direction of Mr Oglethorpe, a houſe was built for the miſſionaries, who, on their arrival at Savannah, were received with great cordiality. Mr Weſley entered upon his miniſtry, on Sunday, the 7th of March 1736, by preaching from the epiſtle for the day; and obſerves that, when he ſaw the number of people crowding into the church, the deep attention with which they received the word, and their ſerioufneſs afterwards, he "could not believe, that this ſerious, attentive people ſhould afterwards trample under foot that word, and ſay all manner of evil falſely of him that ſpake it."

Coloniſts have generally been remarked as an obſtinate and ungovernable people; but perhaps the fault was not wholly in the Georgians. The Americans are not to be managed, but by a delicate and

ſkilful hand. His father had obſerved to him, that, in order to do good to mankind, "a particular talent is neceſſary, great prudence as well as fervor." Mr Weſley's conduct (to ſay the leaſt of it) was, on many occaſions, capricious and fanciful: in ſome inſtances, abſolute and deſpotic. He gave great offence by inſiſting upon baptizing their children by immerſion, which, though provided for in the rubrick, was not at all neceſſary, and which no clergyman did but himſelf; while his experiments upon his own conſtitution, firſt, leaving off meat and wine; then giving up ſuppers, and laſtly, confining himſelf to bread, in order to try "whether life might not be ſuſtained by one ſort, as well as by variety of food," were by no means calculated to impreſs his pariſhioners with the moſt favourable opinion of his judgment. It is not pre-

tended there could be any intrinſic evil in ſuch experiments; but they certainly were not judicious. They had at leaſt a whimſical aſpect, and induced in many who obſerved him, a ſuſpicion, that he laid too great a ſtreſs on bodily auſterities and trifling circumſtances, which have nothing to do with a man's ſalvation, nor any neceſſary connection with his chriſtian character. Mr Weſley was of the contrary opinion; as will appear from his own words, written when he firſt entered upon his bread diet. "To the pure all things are pure. Every creature is good to them, and nothing to be rejected. But let them, who know and feel that they are not thus pure, uſe every help and remove every hindrance; always remembering, he that deſpiſeth little things, ſhall fall by little and little."

During his reſidence on the continent, he frequently laboured, not only with his tongue, but with his hands; and continued his cuſtom of eating little, of ſleeping leſs, and of leaving not a moment unemployed. In ſome reſpects he was admirably calculated for a miſſionary in a cold, inhoſpitable clime. For ſo ſmall a perſon, he poſſeſſed great muſcular ſtrength, a ſound and vigorous conſtitution, with a moſt ardent and indefatigable mind. He expoſed himſelf, with the utmoſt indifference, to every change of ſeaſon, and inclemency of weather. Snow and hail, ſtorm and tempeſt had no effect on his iron body. He frequently lay down on the ground, and ſlept all night, with his hair frozen to the earth. He would ſwim over rivers, with his cloaths on, and travel till they were *dry*; and all this without any apparent

injury to his health. He ſeems alſo to have poſſeſſed great preſence of mind and intrepidity in danger. Going from Savannah to Frederica, the pettiawga, in which he was, came to an anchor. He wrapt himſelf up in a cloak, and went to ſleep upon deck: but, in the courſe of the night, he rolled out of his cloak, and fell into the ſea, ſo faſt aſleep, that he did not perceive where he was, till his mouth was full of water. He ſwam round to a boat, and got out.

On his arrival at Frederica, he found his brother exceeding weak, from the flux, with which he had been ſome time confined: but he recovered from the moment he ſaw him! The medical men would ſay, that the joy, occaſioned by his arrival, had a ſudden effect on his conſtitution, and gave an impulſe to the ſyſtem, favourable to convaleſcence. Mr

Weſley ſaw it in another point of view, and ſays, " this hath God wrought!"

Returning to Savannah, they agreed to adviſe the people, thoſe who were the moſt ſerious, to form themſelves into a ſociety, and to meet once or twice a week, in order to reprove, inſtruct, and exhort one another; and, from theſe, to ſelect a ſmaller number, for a more intimate union. With each of theſe diviſions the two brothers frequently converſed, and met them all together, on Sundays, at Mr Weſley's houſe. Here was the origin of the future œconomy of claſſes and bands.

On Sunday, the 9th of May 1736, he began to divide the public prayers into three ſervices, in conformity to the original inſtitution of the church. The morning ſervice began at five; the communion office and ſermon at eleven;

the evening ſervice at three. Mr Oglethorpe, on his return from the ſouth, gave orders againſt the profanation of the Lord's day, by fiſhing and fowling; and Mr Weſley ſummed up, at Frederica, what he had ſeen and heard among them, inconſiſtent with chriſtianity.—"Some were profited, and the reſt deeply offended."

From this time, the offence became general. Many of his friends grew ſhy. They conſidered his ſermons as ſatires upon particular perſons; and ſome determined they would hear him no more. He now obſerves that, during a violent thunder ſtorm, he found he had not yet conquered the fear of death. Going for Charleſtown with his brother, who was about to embark for Europe, they were in danger of overſetting in a boat. The maſt fell, through the vio-

lence of the ſtorm, but the ſailors got it into the boat, and, by a vigorous exertion, rowed on ſhore.

On his return to Savannah, finding Mr Oglethorpe was gone, he ſtayed only one day; and leaving Mr Ingham and Mr Delamotte, ſet out once more for Frederica. In walking to Thunderbolt, he was exceſſively wet by the rain; and obſerves, that the general idea of the unwholeſomeneſs of the rains and dews in America, is a mere vulgar error; that he had frequently been wet with the rains, and had lain many nights expoſed to the dew, without the leaſt injury. And ſo, continues he, "might any one, if his conſtitution were not impaired by the ſoftneſs of a genteel education!"

If the pariſhioners of Savannah and Frederica did not receive much benefit from his inſtructions, it certainly was not

for want of diligence on his part. He ſeems to have been fully employed, during his reſidence among them, as will appear from the account publiſhed in his hiſtory of methodiſm, which we inſert in his own words. " On the Lord's day, the Engliſh ſervice laſted from five to half paſt ſix. The Italian (with a few Vaudois) began at nine. The ſecond ſervice for the Engliſh, including the ſermon and the holy communion, continued from half paſt ten till about half paſt twelve. The French ſervice began at one. At two I catechiſed the children. About three began the Engliſh ſervice. After this was ended, I joined with as many as my largeſt room would hold, in reading, prayer, and ſinging praiſe. And about ſix, the ſervice of the Germans began, at which I was glad to be

preſent, not as a teacher, but as a learner."

What immenſe labour was this! And what an idea muſt it give us of his induſtry and perſeverance, if we conſider, that, beſides the French and Italian, which we know not whether he acquired here or at Oxford, he learnt German, that he might converſe with the Moravians, and Spaniſh, for the ſake of his Jewiſh pariſhioners!

We particularly notice a remark he makes about this time. He had been ſent for to a perſon, who became a convert from popery. On this occaſion he obſerves, that he had received many advices to beware of the increaſe of popery, but not one caution againſt the progreſs of infidelity; which, ſays he, is a little extraordinary; for, "in every place where I have yet been, the number of

converts to popery bore no proportion to that of the converts to infidelity." He adds, that as bad a religion as popery is, no religion is ſtill worſe; that the ſtate of a deiſt is more dangerous than that of a papiſt; and that he had "known many of the latter reconverted, but not one of the former." There is undoubtedly much propriety in theſe remarks. It is certain however, that deiſts have ſometimes been reconverted. Lord Rocheſter is a memorable inſtance: and, if we miſtake not, Mr Weſley himſelf has had the pleaſure, ſince that time, of ſeeing ſeveral examples of the ſame kind. But the good catholics will hardly thank him for the aſſociation; though many of our readers will perhaps join him in ſuppoſing, that to allow popery to be better than infidelity, is to ſay all that can be ſaid upon it.

Of his uſefulneſs in America, as we have little information, we can form no accurate conception. All that we can learn of it, muſt be from his own account, which is as follows: "All in Georgia have heard the word of God. Some have believed, and begun to run well. A few ſteps have been taken towards publiſhing the glad tidings, both to the African and American Heathens. Many children have learned how they ought to ſerve God, and to be uſeful to their neighbour. And thoſe, whom it moſt concerns, have an opportunity of knowing the true ſtate of their infant colony, and laying a firmer foundation of peace and happineſs to many generations." By the African heathens, we ſuppoſe he means the ſlaves that were brought to the continent; and by the ſteps taken for the inſtruction of them

and the Indians, we are moſt likely to underſtand, the ſchool, called Irene, erected for them, under the inſpection of Mr Ingham. Of the ſucceſs of it we have not heard.

That his ſituation abroad was, upon the whole, extremely unpleaſant, we have no doubt. But the moſt unfortunate event that befel him, was his difference with Mr Cauſton, who was ſtorekeeper and chief magiſtrate of Savannah. Not long before this happened, he complained, in a letter to a friend, that he could not conceive how he "could attain to the being crucified with Chriſt," being in a condition he neither deſired nor expected in America, in eaſe, honour, and abundance. As for the eaſe and honour of his ſituation, we know nothing of it: but the abundance he complains of was certainly no great matter; for the ex-

pences of Mr Delamotte and himſelf, for one whole year, did not amount to forty-five pounds. The cauſe of complaint, ſo far at leaſt as it related to eaſe and honour, was preſently removed. The calm was ſucceeded by a ſtorm. Meeting with Mr Spangenberg, on his way to to Ebenezer, he mentioned his ſituation; and having conſulted him, with regard to the conduct he ſhould purſue, determined to follow his advice.

Mr Weſley informs us, that he had reproved Mrs Williamſon, Mr Cauſton's niece, for ſomething in her behaviour, that he diſapproved. The reproof was highly reſented by the lady. Soon after he repelled her from the communion; in conſequence of which, a warrant was ſerved upon him, and he was brought before one of the bailiffs and the recorder. Refuſing to acknowledge their au-

thority, in a matter purely eccleſiaſtical, he was ordered to appear at the next court held for Savannah. After ſome ſharp words on the part of Mr Cauſton, Mr Weſley wrote to his niece, telling her, that if ſhe offered herſelf at the table, on the next Sunday, he would inform her, as he had done before, wherein ſhe had done wrong; and then, ſays he, "when you have openly declared yourſelf to have truly repented, I will adminiſter to you the myſteries of God."

This was judged rather an aggravation, than a reparation of the offence. Mr Cauſton then declared he would have ſatisfaction, and ſoon after told many perſons, that Mr Weſley "had repelled Sophy from the communion, becauſe ſhe had rejected his propoſals of marriage, and married Mr Williamſon." On this occaſion he takes notice of the "graci-

ous providence of God, in the leſſons for the week," which turned chiefly on encouragements to patience under ſufferings. His chief fear ſeems to have been, leſt this affair ſhould have induced the people to abſent themſelves from the ſervice: but his fears were diſappointed. The congregation was more numerous than uſual; and many, he informs us, took notice of thoſe words, in the firſt leſſon, "ſet Naboth on high among the people, and ſet two men, ſons of Belial before him, to bear witneſs againſt him."

It is ſaid that, when the time of trial approached, a jury was packed by his antagoniſt, compoſed of a papiſt, a Frenchman, an infidel, and about twenty diſſenters and others, who, having perſonal quarrels with Mr Weſley, had openly vowed revenge. A charge was given by Mr Cauſton, to beware of ſpiritual

tyranny, and to oppoſe the illegal authority that was uſurped over their conſciences; and a long liſt of grievances was found by the grand jury, though not without a proteſt from ſeveral of the jurors. Mr Weſley moved for an immediate hearing, which, on various pretences, was put off; when, having conſulted ſeveral of his friends, and put up advertiſements of his intentions to return to England, notwithſtanding an order to detain him, on the 2d of December 1737, he "ſhook off the duſt of his feet, for a teſtimony againſt them," and left Georgia, having preached the goſpel there (to uſe his own words) not as he ought, but as he was able, one year and nearly nine months.

Such was the leave our miſſionary took of America, to which he never returned. This affair has been variouſly

but we ſuſpect, in no inſtance accurately, related. The editors of the Goſpel Magazine ſay, that he left Savannah by night, and on foot, to elude the terrors of a court of juſtice. We follow the account, defective as it is, which he publiſhed in the Journals. But, on a review of the tranſaction, we are particularly ſtruck with the contraſt between the reception he met with, and the honour and popularity of Mr Whitefield, in every part of the continent. It is much to be lamented by Mr Weſley's friends, that, though his American enemies evidently acted in a moſt violent and unjuſt manner, his rectitude of conduct is not ſo clear as might be wiſhed. He does not tell us of what nature was his complaint againſt Mrs Williamſon: nor does he deny that he had made his addreſſes to *this* lady; which, if not true, he cer-

tainly ought to have contradicted in the moſt expreſs terms; for, on this circumſtance, the public opinion muſt be neceſſarily ſuſpended. If it was true, his behaviour will be naturally aſcribed to the phrenzy of diſappointed love. If not, ſome other reaſon muſt remain in reſerve. But on this queſtion it is impoſſible to decide. We may conjecture; but we cannot ſpeak with certainty.

His brother Charles finding the climate to diſagree with his conſtitution, had ſailed for England in July 1736. Mr Ingham left Savannah on the 26th of January 1737. How long Mr Delamotte remained, we are not informed.

Mr Weſley does not bid adieu to the continent, without relating ſome melancholy inſtances of the cruelty and villanies of the maſters of ſhips, while the rage for emigration was ſo prevalent.

It is indiſputable, that they uſed infinite art to induce farmers and tradeſmen to embark for this land of promiſe; when, after borrowing their money, and plundering them of their property, they ſold them to the planters. The conſequence, in many inſtances, one of which is related by Mr Weſley, was diſtraction and ſuicide.

He alſo gives an account of the ſituation of Georgia, it's ſoil, produce, cultivation, and inhabitants. But we have ſome doubt of the correctneſs of the portrait. The colouring partakes rather too much of the *ſombre*; and we perceive, whenever he has occaſion to ſpeak of America, certain traits of prejudice, that we can eaſily account for, but which are ſcarcely worthy a philoſopher and a citizen of the world.

He gives the following ſhocking cha-

racter of the Georgian Indians: "Every one does that which is right in his own eyes; and if it appears wrong to his neighbour, the perſon aggrieved, ſteals on the other unawares, and ſhoots him, ſcalps him, or cuts of his ears: having only two ſhort rules of proceeding, to do what he will, and what he can. They are all, except perhaps the Choctaws, gluttons, drunkards, thieves, diſſemblers, liars. They are implacable, unmerciful murderers of fathers, murderers of mothers, murderers of their own children; it being a common thing for a ſon to ſhoot his father or mother, becauſe they are old and paſt labour; and for a woman either to procure abortion, or to throw her child into the next river, becauſe ſhe will go with her huſband to the war. Indeed huſbands, ſtrictly ſpeaking, they have none; for any man leaves

his wife, ſo called, at pleaſure; who frequently, in return, cuts the throats of all the children ſhe has had by him. Whoredom they account no crime, and few inſtances appear of a young Indian woman's refuſing any one. Nor have they any fixed puniſhment for adultery; only if the huſband take his wife with another man, he will do what he can to both, unleſs ſpeedily pacified by the preſent of a gun or a blanket." That this horrid picture has it's originals in real life, we have no doubt, but we cannot admit it as an univerſal likeneſs. We know, on the contrary, that there are many exceptions; and that Europeans have often owed their lives to the clemency of Indians.

Mr Weſley, diſappointed in the prime object of his miſſion, embarked for Europe, at Charleſtown, on Thurſday, the

22d of December, 1737, made the Lizard-point on the 29th of January, and after a pleaſant paſſage, landed at Deal, on the 1ſt of February, 1738. Mr Whitefield ſailed through the channel for America, as he entered it, on his return. On the 3d he came to London, after an abſence of two years and four months.

CHAP. VII.

HIS REFLECTIONS ON HIS ARRIVAL; HIS CONVERSION AND JOURNEY TO HERNHUTH AND MARIENBURN.

ABOUT this time he obſerves, that his mind was full of thought; and that he wrote down part of what occurred to him, as follows: "It is now two years and almoſt four months ſince I left my native country, to teach the Georgian Indians the nature of chriſtianity: but what I have learned myſelf in the mean time? Why, what I leaſt of all ſuſpected, that I, who went to America, to convert others, was never myſelf converted to God. I am not mad, though I thus ſpeak; but I ſpeak the words of

truth and ſoberneſs; if haply ſome of thoſe, who ſtill dream, may awake, and ſee that as I am, ſo are they." The remainder of this ſoliloquy, remarkable as it is, there is no need to tranſcribe. What we are now concerned with, is the tendency of it; and that is, to ſhew that, notwithſtanding his zeal, his labours, his ſincerity, his charity, and his punctual obſervance of the means of grace, he "was not a chriſtian, becauſe he had not faith." His notion of faith is, "a ſure truſt and confidence that a man hath, that, through the merits of Chriſt, his ſins are forgiven, and he reconciled to the favour of God." So far he agrees with the church of England. How far his idea of the mode of communication will be deemed orthodox, is another queſtion. He ſuppoſes, and we believe it is the doctrine of the Moravian bre-

thren, from whom it was derived to the firſt methodiſts, that this confidence is conveyed by an immediate influence of the Holy Spirit, who is ſuppoſed, by a ſtrong perſuaſion, in ſome way or other, directly communicated to the mind, to reveal this important circumſtance. This is called by ſome divines, "the faith of aſſurance:" and it is one of thoſe peculiar doctrines, in which Mr Weſley is ſuppoſed to differ from moſt of the proteſtant churches. As we ſhall probably give this ſubject a more particular conſideration in the ſequel, we diſmiſs it for the preſent.

But we cannot paſs over Mr Weſley's reflections on his own ſtate, without remarking a difficulty we are under. Of his own character he muſt be allowed to be the beſt judge. But how ſhall we reconcile him with himſelf? On his re-

turn from Georgia, in 1738, he ſays he was not a chriſtian. The Journal in which this is ſaid, was publiſhed in 1775: and yet, giving an account in this ſame Journal, of himſelf, and of what he judged to be his ſtate in 1729, when he declared his perſuaſion, that he was "even then in a ſtate of ſalvation," he adds, in a note at the bottom, "and I believe I was *." How theſe paſſages can be made to agree, we are at a loſs to diſcover: ſince it is generally underſtood among the orthodox divines, that if a man has not faith, he is not a chriſtian; and if not a chriſtian, conſequently, not in a ſtate of ſalvation. There is indeed a diſtinction of his, which, if there were any thing in it, might poſſibly do ſomething toward reconciling this contradic-

* See 1ſt Journal, page 68; and 2d Journal, page 26. Edition 1775.

tion. He ſays, in one place, that he "*had the faith of a ſervant, but not of a ſon**." But we doubt the propriety of this diſtinction. Does he mean here, what is called in Scripture, a "ſervant of God," or does he not? If not, he could have no true faith, and therefore could not be in a ſtate of ſalvation. But if he does, then we ſay, that in this reſpect, the Scripture knows no difference between the phraſes, "ſons of God and ſervants of God;" conſequently, here is a diſtinction without a difference.

During his reſidence at London, where he was detained ſeveral weeks by the truſtees for Georgia, he informed his friends of ſome reaſons, which haſtened his return to England; and, being adviſed to relate them to the truſtees, he waited

* See note, 2d Journal, page 17. Edition 1775.

twice on Mr Oglethorpe, without having an opportunity to explain: but, attending ſoon after at the board, he gave them an account of the colony, ſo little flattering, and ſo contrary to that which had been given them by others, that he ſuppoſes ſome of them never forgave him.

It was at this time that he preached in many of the churches in town; but ſuch was the effect of his unfaſhionable doctrine, that after the firſt ſermon in every church, he was generally informed, he muſt preach there no more. The doctrine, to which we particularly allude, is what he calls "ſaving faith," which, he informs us, he ſaw clearly on Monday March the 6th, 1738, and "declared it without delay." The conſequence of this mode of preaching, he ſays, was, that God then began to work by his miniſtry, as he had never done before.

He now ſpent ſome time in viſiting ſome of his friends and relations; met with Peter Böhler, Schulius Richter, and other Moravians juſt landed from Germany; in whoſe company and converſation he expreſſes a particular ſatisfaction. Soon after, going to Oxford to ſee his brother Charles, who was ſaid to be dying, he found him recovering from the pleuriſy. Here he again met with Böhler, who thought him too philoſophical, or too rational (for we cannot tell which) and laconically told him, "mi frater, mi frater, philoſophia iſta tua excoquenda eſt." It was by him, he tells us, he was convinced of the want of that faith, whereby alone we are ſaved; and by his advice he began to preach "ſalvation by faith alone." Peter's words are remarkable: "preach faith till you have it; and then, becauſe you have it,

you will preach faith." The firſt to whom he preached this doctrine, was a priſoner under ſentence of death. The effect is not mentioned.

Much of this ſpring was ſpent in travelling with Mr Kinchin, a fellow of Corpus, to Mancheſter, Holms Chapel, Newcaſtle in Staffordſhire, and ſeveral other towns, where they frequently preached and exhorted, either embracing or making occaſions of ſpeaking in public and private, in inns and ſtables, and wherever they came, on matters of religion, and with various ſucceſs. Some ſtared in ſilent aſtoniſhment at their reproofs and exhortations; while others ſeemed thankful and willing to receive inſtruction. In ſome inſtances, prudence held their tongues, and prevented them from embracing opportunities of ſpeaking to thoſe who attended them at their inns,

and in other places; and Mr Weſley mentions ſome occaſions, in which he ſuppoſes they were providentially rebuked for their negligence. Among others he gives the following inſtance: "The next day, March 11th, we dined at Birmingham, and ſoon after we left it, were reproved for our negligence there (in letting thoſe, who attended us, go without either exhortation or inſtruction) by a ſevere ſhower of hail!"

In the latter end of March, or the beginning of April, he left off his cuſtom of confining himſelf to a form of prayer. This change firſt took place at the Caſtle in Oxford, where he and Mr Kinchin went to viſit a priſoner. They firſt prayed in ſeveral forms, and then in "ſuch words as were given them in that hour." The man kneeled down in "great heavineſs and confuſion." After a ſhort

ſpace he roſe up, and eagerly ſaid, "I am now ready to die. I know Chriſt has taken away my ſins, and there is no more condemnation for me." He adds, "the ſame compoſed chearfulneſs he ſhewed, when carried to execution: and in his laſt moments he was the ſame, enjoying a perfect peace, in confidence, that he was *accepted in the Beloved.*" Mr Weſley again obſerves, that, "on Monday, April 1ſt, being at Mr Fox's ſociety, his heart was ſo full, that he could not confine himſelf to the uſual forms; and that he did not propoſe to be confined to them any more, but to pray indifferently, with a form or without, as he ſhould find ſuitable to particular occaſions."

At this time, his mind having been warmed by the diſcourſes of his Moravian friends, he was waiting in anxious

expectation for his own converſion. He ſays, that he had now no objection to what Böhler had ſaid of the nature of faith, and of the holineſs and happineſs, which he deſcribed as the fruit of it. But he could not comprehend what he ſpoke of an inſtantaneous work. He could not underſtand, "how this faith ſhould be given in a moment; how a man could at once be thus turned from darkneſs to light, from ſin and miſery, to righteouſneſs and joy in the Holy Ghoſt." To ſatisfy himſelf on this ſubject, he ſearched the Scriptures, particularly the Acts of the Apoſtles; and the reſult was, that, to his utter aſtoniſhment, he "found ſcarce any other inſtances there, than inſtantaneous converſions; ſcarce any ſo ſlow as that of St. Paul, who was three days in the pangs of the new birth." The only retreat he

now had, was in the difference between the preſent and the primitive times. He was perſuaded, that "God wrought thus in the firſt ages of chriſtianity;" but the times being changed, he was not certain that he would "work in the ſame manner now."

On Sunday, the 22d of April, he was driven out of this retreat, by "the concurring teſtimony of ſeveral living witneſſes, who declared, that God had thus wrought in themſelves, giving them, in a moment, ſuch a faith in the blood of his ſon, as tranſlated them out of darkneſs into light, out of ſin and fear into holineſs and happineſs." Here, ſays he, ended my diſputing. I could only cry out, "Lord, help thou my unbelief."

His perſuaſion of the truth of this doctrine was increaſed, as he informs us, by "hearing the experiences of Mr Hut-

chins of Pembroke college, and Mr. Fox; two living witneſſes, that God can at leaſt, if he does not always, give that faith, whereof cometh ſalvation, in a moment, as lightning falling from heaven."

The day from which Mr Weſley dates his converſion, is May 24th, 1738. He has introduced it with a ſtudied ſolemnity, by an enumeration of the various circumſtances we have recited, with many more of the ſame ſort; and it is immediately prefaced by an account of himſelf, from his infancy, till that moment. It was on the evening of this day, that he went to a ſociety in Alderſgate ſtreet, where ſome one was reading Luther's preface to the Epiſtle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, ſays he, while he was deſcribing the change that God works in the heart,

through faith in Chriſt, "I felt my heart ſtrangely warmed. I felt, I did truſt in Chriſt, Chriſt alone for my ſalvation: and an aſſurance was given me, that he had taken away my ſins, even mine, and ſaved me from the law of ſin and death." He adds, that he immediately began to pray, particularly for his enemies and perſecutors, and declared to all that were preſent what he now felt. With ſome intervals of doubt and fear, he continued in this ſituation, and went up and down preaching and labouring with all his might.

Various were the effects of thoſe peculiar doctrines, which Mr Weſley had preached for ſome time before he profeſſed to have experienced them himſelf. Many were offended, and among the reſt, his brother Charles; who told him, he did not "know what miſchief he had done, by talking in this manner:" and

he obſerves, that God did indeed from that time "kindle a fire," which he hoped would never be extinguiſhed. The influence of this was fierce and deciſive. Many are repreſented as falling ſuddenly to the ground, in horror and agony not to be conceived, and riſing again with equal expreſſions of peace and conſolation. Their converſions were uſually attended with theſe violent ſymptoms; and, for ſeveral years, few meetings occurred, where Mr Weſley preſided, without one or more inſtances of the ſame kind.

It was not poſſible, that ſuch tranſactions ſhould paſs without notice. The confuſion that too often prevailed, the emotions of the perſons affected, and the exultations of the reſt, which were ſeverely animadverted upon, gave great

and general offence. Many inſiſted, that it muſt either be occaſioned by the heat of the rooms and the agitation of the animal ſpirits, under diſcourſes of the moſt alarming nature; or that it was mere artifice and hypocriſy.

As theſe objections were conſtantly urged, Mr Weſley has taken much pains to refute them, producing in his journals an immenſe number of converſions, attended with the ſame ſymptoms; and ſome, even of the objectors themſelves; who are ſaid to have fallen to the ground, raving like the demoniacs in the Goſpels, and crying out, that it was "the juſt judgment of God for their wickedneſs and unbelief." Among others he particularly inſtances in a quaker, who was much provoked with their diſſimulation. But he alſo "ſuddenly dropt

down, as if thunderſtruck. The agony he was in, was terrible to behold. We beſought God not to lay folly to his charge. And he ſoon lifted up his head, and cried, now I know, thou art a prophet of the Lord.'" This happened while Mr Weſley was preaching at Baldwin-ſtreet, where the cries of the people were ſuch, that ſcarcely could his voice be heard. The reader is referred, for further information, to the firſt and ſecond journals. It may be obſerved here, that Mr Charles Weſley's objections to this new ſyſtem were gradually removed. His converſion is dated from the 22d of May, 1738, two days before that of his brother.

An account of their proceedings was preſently tranſmitted to Tiverton, by a Mrs Hutton of London, two of whoſe ſons became converts to their opinions.

One of them is the perſon who is ſaid to have been honoured ſome time ago with the notice of majeſty. The lady, who found herſelf not a little aggrieved, wrote to Mr Samuel Weſley, informing him, that his brother John was become a wild enthuſiaſt or fanatic, and was drawing her ſons into the ſame notions. She tells him, that ſhe thought him "not a quite right man," and begs that when he ſhould next come to his houſe, he would "either confine or convert him." She was particularly diſpleaſed, that her ſon was about to publiſh an abridgement Mr Weſley had made of the life of Haliburton, a Scotch preſbyterian. She had forbid him to print it; but obſerves, that if his brothers thought it would tend to the glory of God, they would ſoon convince her ſon, "that

God's glory was to be preferred to his parent's commands."

Mr Weſley, in his lively manner, anſwered Mrs Hutton, by combating their opinions. He thought it not unlikely, that intenſeneſs of thought and want of ſleep might have diſordered his brother. He treats their general ſyſtem as downright madneſs and deluſion; and prays that God would "ſtop the progreſs of this lunacy."

It was in the month of May that the firſt methodiſt ſociety was formed in London. Mr Weſley is particularly careful to diſtinguiſh the origin of methodiſm into three diſtinct periods. The firſt commenced at Oxford, in 1729; the ſecond at Savannah in 1736, when twenty or thirty met at his houſe; and the laſt in London, on the firſt of May, 1738, when "about fifty agreed to meet toge-

ther once a week, in order to a free converſation, begun and ended with ſinging and prayer."

About this time his friend Böhler embarked for America. On this occaſion he contemplates, in a kind of rapture, the happy effects of his arrival in England; ſuch, ſays he, as will remain "when the heavens and the earth paſs away." Mr Weſley was now much perplexed with doubts and fears, concerning his own ſtate, and determined to retire for ſome time to Germany; hoping that the converſation he would meet with there, might be the means of eſtabliſhing him more fully in the faith. Taking leave of his mother, he embarked on Tueſday, the 13th of June, 1738, and on Thurſday landed at Rotterdam. He arrived at Marienburn on the 4th of July, and was introduced to

is perfectly conſiſtent with doubts and fears; and that there is a diſtinction between faith and the aſſurance of faith. This, if we underſtand him right, was one prime object of his journey: and ſuch, if we miſtake not, was the doctrine inculcated by the brethren. As he has publiſhed a particular account of the diſcipline of the brethren, we have no doubt, that he now looked forward, which he certainly did not in 1729, to his future labours in theſe kingdoms; and made himſelf immediately acquainted with their regulations, that he might form a code for his own ſocieties.

Of the conſtitution of this church, it's officers, and it's diſcipline, with the infinity of ſprings and wheels in ſo complex a ſyſtem, we ſhall not fatigue the reader with the relation. Our averſion

to this ſort of manœuvre in chriſtian ſocieties, forbids us to enlarge on ſuch a ſubject; and induces a wiſh, that both the Count, who was the projector, and Mr Weſley, who too cloſely imitated him, had been more mindful of the chriſtian ſimplicity.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.